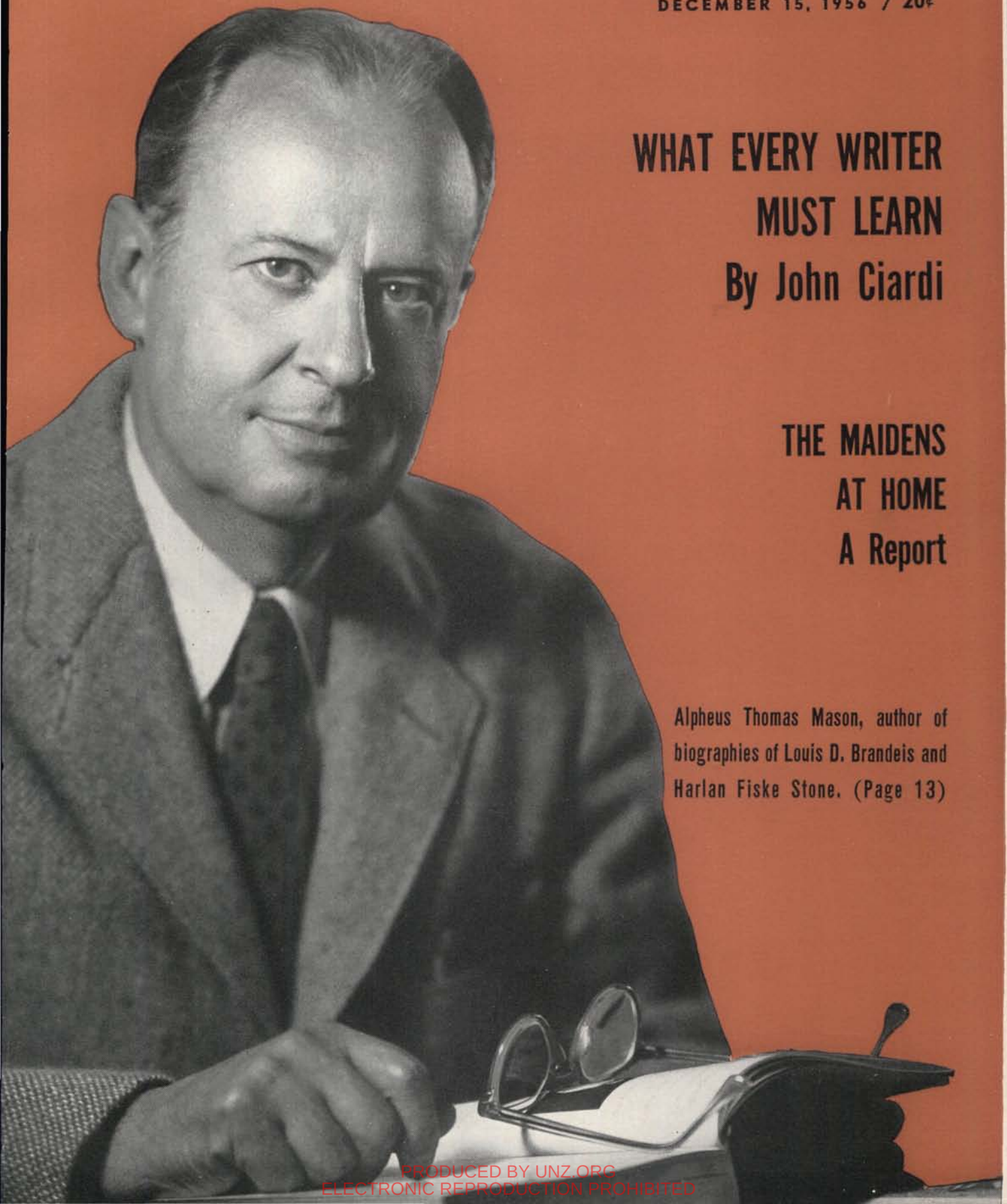
Saturday Review

DECEMBER 15, 1956 / 20¢



WHAT EVERY WRITER MUST LEARN
By John Ciardi

THE MAIDENS AT HOME
A Report

Alpheus Thomas Mason, author of biographies of Louis D. Brandeis and Harlan Fiske Stone. (Page 13)

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THE LITERARY SCENE

•• In Paris, Albert Camus's stage adaptation of William Faulkner's "Requiem for a Nun" has confounded the critics by registering a smash hit. Parisian playgoers aren't exactly certain what it's all about, but are flocking, nevertheless, to the Théatre des

Mathurins in record numbers. Commented André Malraux: "Faulkner has succeeded in marrying the spirit of the modern detective novel to that of classical tragedy."

•• In his "Live Longer and Enjoy It" (Prentice-Hall), Dr. Peter Steincrohn points out how much punishment the human body can survive. An average man can get along without his gall bladder, spleen, tonsils, and appendix, and survive the loss of one of his two kidneys, one of his two lungs, two of his four or five quarts of blood, two-fifths of his liver, most of his stomach, four of his twenty-three feet of small intestine, and half of his brain.

•• In Tin Pan Alley, imaginative recording companies continue to show book publishers how proper packaging will create new markets for old merchandise. One new album called "Music for Expectant Mothers" includes such erstwhile hit-paraders as "My Baby's Comin' Home," "Soon," "Exactly Like You," and "Easy to Love." (The underling who proposed "I'd Diaper Dear Old Rutgers" was fired.) Another album (and you know the kind of thing they've collected for *that* one) is labeled "Music to Break a Lease."

•• At *Harper's*, editor John Fischer disclosed, "In our magazine office we receive from 4,000 to 5,000 short stories a year, many of them written with an astonishing degree of skill and confidence, but relatively few of them of much interest to the consumer. Apparently the reason for this is a theory, assiduously propagated by our universities, our critics, and by a good many writers themselves, that a writer shouldn't pay any attention to the customer anyway; that he should write to express himself, to massage his own soul and not be influenced by the markets or the editors or the readers. If you consider fiction as a form of self-administered psychotherapy I suppose this is a fine thing, but I shouldn't expect anyone to anticipate that he should get paid for it. If a person wants to make a living by writing fiction, as in producing hot dogs or automobiles or anything else, probably it is necessary to give the customer what he wants."

•• For the library at Sing Sing, an imaginative guard has renamed the Jules Verne classic "Around the World in Sixty to Ninety Days."

•• In Indianapolis, a publisher received a manuscript entitled "How to Make Your Own Mink Coat." Opening line: "First catch sixty-two minks."

•• In London, S. J. Perelman ingratiated himself with the populace by enumerating for an *Express* reporter the reasons he likes their city: (1) The manners of the English. ("The tensions are as great as at home, but people, even if they are in a hurry, try to be considerate." (2) "I defy any-

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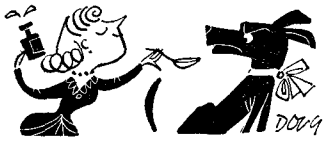
ne to walk down Jermyn Street, or nat whole complex of streets south of 'iccadilly, without being fascinated y the buildings, the atmosphere, the hops." (3) The London theatres though Perelman adds, "I still find hat 7:30 curtain arduous. An Ameri- an is used to dining first and having he theatre as a climax to the eve- ning"). (4) The English sense of hu- nor: "I have no difficulty in under- tanding it; in fact, I'm very partial o it." Mr. P. concludes by throwing aution to the winds. "I'm afraid," he onfesses, "I even like the London 'imes!"

• • In last month's *Journal of the American Veterinary Medical Asso- iation* (doesn't *everybody* read hat?) an authority came to bat with he cheering information that per- nickety, unfriendly dogs may now be cured of their antisocial behavior. Just



eed them a new tranquilizing drug alled Chlorpromazine—but, to play afe, I suggest consulting somebody who's all vet before swinging into action.

• • In Hollywood, Walt Disney is planning a "Liberty Street" for his fabulous Disneyland in 1958. It will simulate a typical American street in Revolutionary days, and will feature a giant auditorium called "The Hall of the Declaration of Independence." If Disney has another ten or twelve free acres to spare he might devote them to an exhibition of Revolution- ary and Civil War books published in the past three years.

• • In Boston, three of John Mar- quand's best novels—"The Late George Apley," "Wickford Point," and "H. M. Pulham, Esquire"—have been reissued in one compact volume by the cagey firm of Little, Brown. Title: "North of Grand Central." Price: $5.75. More good news for Marquand fans: Early 1957 will mark the reap- pearance of the infallible Mr. Moto.

• • In Washington, future biogra- phers of John Foster Dulles are care- fully filing current wisecracks about his feverish comings-and-goings in the past three years. One critic de- scribed him as a dedicated soul with "an infinite capacity for taking planes"; another observed bitterly, "He flies now; we pay later." The President, fabricated somebody, clutched at Mr. Dulles's coattails one

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morning and implored, "John, don't just do something; *stand* there!" The President himself is said to have referred, with a chuckle, to a photograph of himself and Mr. D. as "The Ileum and the Odyssey." Mr. Dulles can console himself, however, with the thought that it has become quite the thing in recent Administrations for the poor Secretary of State to take the rap for almost everything that goes wrong in this cockeyed world of ours.

• • In Cleveland, philosopher Bill Feather laments, "If you have a box of 100 paper clips and two of them are entangled *why* must those be the two you get when you blindly reach for one—or else a used clip so sprung that it is worthless?" Bill, ich kenn' den schmerz!

• • On Madison Avenue, dentist Eddie Pullman discovered some ominous decay in a molar of a glamorous authoress. "What," he brooded "is a place like this doing in a girl like you?"

• • At an actors' laboratory theatre, a veteran performer-playwright urged the graduating class, "Don't be discouraged if you make mistakes at first. The best of us have blundered. In my very first chance on Broadway my one line came when the big star made his entrance. I was supposed to say, 'He looks like a Greek god.' Opening night it came out like this: 'He looks like a Greek! God!' "

• • At the New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, an exhibition of Shaviana, designed to commemorate the 100th anniversary of GBS's birth, is attracting such throngs that it will be continued well into the spring. Shaw was a man of many facets, and not one of them is neglected in this cannily arranged exhibit. It includes even the manuscripts of two songs he wrote about 1884—which, in 1950, he flatly denied having composed. Confronted with photostats, he grudgingly acknowledged the music to be his very own, then added, "This in no way conflicts with my statement that I am not a composer. Mr. Winston Churchill is not a bricklayer, nor was Tolstoy a bootmaker, because they tried their hands at these arts."

• • At a Connecticut finishing school, a winsome miss of fifteen (her passion-packed autobiography probably will be published any minute) confided the details of her latest liaison. "It's the funniest thing about how we met," she gurgled. "We were introduced!" —Bennett Cerf.

For Late Late Shoppers

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

ONE worry that is likely to beset the Christmas book-giver is the suspicion that another donor may choose the same title for the same recipient. Subside, pounding heart. Here are some books for the late late shopper, books that are just getting in under the Christmas wire, and while it is still possible for two persons to send identical titles from among this batch to the same recipient, the chances are much reduced in comparison with titles first issued three months, six months, twenty-five years ago. We are not, understand, holding a book's age or youth in its favor or against it.

Consider, first, two pan-USA jobs. Carl Carmer's **"Cavalcade of America"** (Crown, $4.95) is based on the original radio plays broadcast under the same title, here rearranged in the form of simple and effective narrative essays. The subtitle describes the contents as "The Deeds and Achievements of the Men and Women Who Made Our Country Great," and this roster includes not only the conventional heroes but many more who are not found in the customary brief historical conspectuses. There are striking color and black-and-white gravure illustrations, 150 altogether, or one for every two-and-a-half pages of book.

The first entry in Mr. Carmer's survey is, naturally, Columbus, and the latest is Theodore Roosevelt. Earl Schenck Miers's **"The American Story"** (Channel Press, $5) goes a bit further—from Columbus to the Cold War or, as his subtitle reads, "The Age of Exploration to the Age of the Atom." And it is quite a different sort of book. Mr. Miers has assembled perhaps the most impressive array of scholarly historical talent ever put together in a volume of 352 pages—sixty authorities, all of them members of the Society of American Historians, and a large proportion of them Pulitzer Prize winners. The gravure illustrations range from fifteenth-century prints to twentieth-century photographs.

Now from macrocosm to microcosm. Two books about the city of New York merit your terminal gift attention. Bayrd Still's **"Mirror for Gotham"** (New York University Press, $7.50) incorporates, in brief and in large, in its 417 pages the impressions of some 600 visitors "from Dutch days to the present"—from Giovanni da Verrazano to Cecil Beaton. It is strong, as it should be, on minutiae. There are excellent halftone reproductions, well chosen and capably captioned.

The 492 pages of B. A. Botkin's **"New York City Folklore"** (Random House, $5) will inform you, among much else, that the first name of the Ebbets after whom Ebbets Field was called was Charles; that the Dutch Treat Club was christened in 1924 by George Barr Mallon, then city editor of *The Sun*; that the Tenderloin was christened, considerably earlier, by Police Captain Alexander S. Williams ("I have been living on rump steak in the Fourth District, I will have some tenderloin now"). Again there are numerous pertinent halftones.

And here is one more magazine anthology, probably the last of 1956, but you can't tell—the mailman hasn't been yet. It is **"The Ladies' Home Journal Treasury"** (Simon & Schuster, $7.50), and its 570 double-column pages have been edited by John Mason Brown and the *Journal*'s own editors. The *Journal* is seventy-three years old, and the compilers had a gold mine to dig from. Almost any established author you care to name (the *Journal* can take credit for much of the establishing) who flourished in the period covered is likely to be represented. There are good illustrations in color, largely of old covers and old advertisements. A choice package.

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The Saturday Review
DECEMBER 15, 1956

WHAT EVERY WRITER MUST LEARN

SR's Poetry Editor writes of himself: "John Ciardi, age forty, writes thoughts for a living, dividing his time equally between thinkable and unthinkable thoughts. Pressed into a corner, especially by a primarily female-type reporter, he will confess a predilection for the unthinkable sort of thing, but driven out of the corner by aging hostesses, he will settle for the thinkable. His adaptability in this way has often been remarked and becomes more and more remarkable as he gets older. He is the author of numerous volumes including 'The Depressed Daffodil,' 'Spelunking Into Twilight,' 'Dew on the Funghi,' and 'The Mildewed Meadows,' the latter two of which won the Cavedamp Award in 1886, retrospectively of course. His 'Collected Exhalations,' to be published in 1958, has already achieved a sale of more than three copies."

By JOHN CIARDI

THE teaching of writing has become practically a profession by now. There is hardly a college in the land that does not offer at least one course in "creative writing" (whatever that is) by some "teacher of writing" (whoever he is). There are, moreover, at least fifty annual writers' conferences now functioning among us with something like fifty degrees of competence. And there seems to be no way of counting the number of literary counsellors, good and bad, who are prepared to promise that they can teach a writer what he needs to know.

I am myself a "teacher of writing," but though it be taken as a confession of fraud I must insist, in the face of all this "teaching" apparatus, that writing cannot in fact be taught. What a writer must have above all else is inventiveness. Dedication, commitment, passion—whatever one chooses to call the writer's human motivation—must be there, to be sure. But to require human motivation is only to assume that the writer is a human being—certainly not a very hard assumption to make. Art, however, is not humanity but the *expression* of humanity, and for enduring expression the one gift above all is inventiveness.

But where, in what curriculum ever, has there been, or can there be, a course in inventiveness—which is to say, in creativity? The truly creative—whether in art, in science, or in philosophy—is always, and precisely, that which cannot be taught. And yet, though it seem paradoxical, creativity can not spring from the untaught. Creativity is the imaginatively gifted recombination of known elements into something new.

And so, it may be seen, there is no real paradox. The elements of an invention or of a creation can be taught, but the creativity must be self-discovered and self-disciplined. A good teacher—whether in a college classroom, a Parisian cafe, or a Greek marketplace—can marvelously assist the learning. But in writing, as in all creativity, it is the gift that must learn itself.

The good teacher will be able to itemize a tremendous amount of essential lore. He can tell a would-be novelist that if an incidental character is given a name that character had best reappear in the later action, and that if he is not going to reappear he should be identified simply as "the Supply Sergeant," "the big blonde," "the man in the red waistcoat," or whatever. He can point out that good dialogue avoids "he averred," "he bellowed," "he boomed," "he interpolated," and that it is wise to write simply "he said," indicating any important direction for the tone of voice in a separate sentence. He can demonstrate that in all fiction the action must be perceived by someone, and he can defend in theory and support by endless instances that in effective fiction one does not allow more than one means of perception within a single

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scene. He can point out to would-be poets that traditional rhyme and traditional metrics are not indispensable, but that once a pattern has been established the writer must respect it. And he can then point out that within the pattern established at the start of the student's poem certain lines are metrically deficient and certain rhymes forced.

He may "teach" (or preach) any number of such particulars. And if he is a good man for the job he will never forget that these particulars are simply rules of thumb, any one of which may be violated by a master, but none of which may be safely ignored by a writer who has not yet learned they exist.

Belaboring such particulars is useful service to the would-be writer who under a competent teacher may save himself years of floundering trial-and-error. Writers are forever being produced by literary groups of one sort or another, and one of the most important things a writer acquires in the give-and-take of a good literary group is a headful of precisely such particulars. The most important thing a teacher of writing can do is to create a literary group in which he teaches minimums while the most talented of his students learn maximums—very largely from fighting with one another (rarely, if ever, from mutual admiration).

But if writing requires a starting talent that a man either has or has not and which he cannot learn, and if the teachable elements are not enough to make a writer of him, what is it he must learn? What are the measures by which his gift comes to know itself?

The answers to that question must be given separately, and if they are so given they must be put down one after the other with some sort of natural implication that the order in which they are given is keyed to their importance. Such mechanical necessity (and it is one of the most constant seductions of the classroom) must not be allowed to obscure the far greater likelihood that the answers all exist at the same time in the behavior of a good writer, and that all are equally important. That, too, is part of what must be learned. As is the fact that no one set of generalizations will ever suffice. But one must begin somewhere. I offer the following six points as the most meaningful and the most central I have been able to locate.

1. SOMETHING TO WRITE ABOUT

"You have to give them something to write about," Robert Frost once said in discussing his classroom principles. His own poems are full of stunning examples of the central truth that good writers deal in information, and that even the lofty (if they are lofty) acreages of poetry are sown to fact. Consider the opening lines of "Mending Wall:

> Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
> That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
> And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
> And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
> The work of hunters is another thing:
> I have come after them and made repair
> Where they have left not one stone on a stone,
> But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
> To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,
> No one has seen them made or heard them made,
> But at spring mending-time we find them there . . .

I intend no elaborate critique of this passage. I want simply to make the point that it contains as much specific information about stone walls as one could hope to find in a Department of Agriculture pamphlet.

Frost states his passion for the *things* of the world both in example and in precept. "The fact is the sweetest dream the labor knows," he writes in "The Mowing." One has only to compare that line with R.P.T. Coffin's "Nothing so crude as fact could enter here" to understand an important part of the difference between a poet and something less than a poet.

Even so mystical a poet as Gerard Manley Hopkins (I misuse the word "mystical" in order to save three paragraphs, but let me at least file an apology) is gorgeously given to the fact of the thing. Consider: "And blue bleak embers, ah my dear,/ Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion" (*i.e.*), "Coal embers in a grate, their outside surfaces burned out and blue-bleak, sift down, fall through the grate, strike the surface below or the side of the grate, and are gashed open to reveal the gold-vermilion fire still glowing at their core.").

The writer of fiction deals his facts in a different way, but it will not do to say that he is more bound to fact than is the poet: he simply is not required to keep his facts under poetic compression; keep hard to them he still must. Consider Melville's passion for the details of whaling; or DeFoe's for the details of criminality, of ransoming an English merchant captured by a French ship, or of Robinson Crusoe's carpentry. The passion for fact was powerful enough in these masters to lure them into shattering the pace of their own best fiction, and to do so time and time again. And who is to say that a man reading for more than amusement, a man passionate to touch the writer's mind in his writing, has any real objection to having the pace so shattered? All those self-blooming, lovingly-managed, chunky, touchable facts!

For a writer is a man who must know something better than anyone else does, be it so little as his own

(*Continued on page* 37)

"I've decided to hand over control of the Army and Navy—it's a job for a younger man."

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REPORT ON A HOMECOMING

At the airport near Hiroshima—". . . a modest portion of pandemonium."

By NORMAN COUSINS

HIROSHIMA.

WHEN the pilot announced we would land in a few minutes you could almost feel the human electricity crackle through the plane. The returning Hiroshima Maidens eagerly pressed against the windows, each wanting to be the first to pick out the city from the air. It had been eighteen months since they had left home. Before May 1955 many of them had not ventured fifty miles beyond Hiroshima. Then suddenly they were scooped up and set down many thousands of miles away in a strange land with strange families speaking a strange language and they were to spend many months in a hospital where men in white were to perform many delicate operations on their faces and hands.

And now they were within a few minutes of home—flying in a modern juggernaut of the sky, the military staff plane placed at their disposal for the trip from Tokyo to Hiroshima by General Lawrence S. Kuter, Commander of the Far East Forces. They knew, and didn't hesitate to talk about it, that in many ways they were not the same persons who had left Hiroshima. It wasn't merely the improvement in their facial appearances, or the full use of their arms and hands, that made the difference. There was something else the girls sensed in themselves and recognized instantly when they looked at one another. Mostly it was a creative growth, their response to life and to other people, their ability to give and take emotionally. When you looked at them they no longer seemed to blink back from a half-lit world.

The big thing was that they could circulate freely—not only physically but emotionally. They no longer felt they were cut off from the mainstream, no longer awkward about the right to feel the joy or pain of others as their own. I recalled something that Shigeko Niimoto had said some months earlier. "Operations very important. But, more important, I belong to everybody. I feel also everybody belongs to me."

This confidence in being able to move easily in the great human marketplace had been dramatized a few hours earlier in Tokyo, before the girls enplaned for Hiroshima. A luncheon reception for the entire party was given by the Japan-America Society, one of the most influential and cosmopolitan groups in Japan. Several hundred people attended, among them foreign correspondents, leaders in government, religion, education, industry, labor, communications. Instead of huddling together as a group, as they would have done a year earlier, the girls distributed themselves among the various tables, putting the other guests at ease and taking a gracious part in table discussion.

Following the lunch came the formal speeches. Towards the end of the program I received a note from Helen Yokoyama, the Japanese-American nurse-chaperone-interpreter who had been with the project since the start and whose dedicated effort has been such a major factor in the emotional well-being of the girls. The note said simply that the girls had designated Michiyo Zomen as their spokesman to make the appropriate acknowledgments. Michiyo was called up to the head table. I watched her as she carefully threaded her way through the crowded tables and the jutting chairs. This was the same Michiyo Zomen who, when I first met her, was so shy she spoke in anguished whispers. Even now, as she stood in front of the microphone, I could see she was trembling, and when she started to speak she did so with pained hesitation. But she held her head high and said what she felt.

She talked about the things the girls would never forget—living with American families they came to love and who had loved them; the adventure of going to school in America and being part of small community life; the care given them by the surgeons, Dr. Arthur J. Barsky, Dr. Bernard E. Simon, Dr. Sidney Kahn, and by the project physician, Dr. William M. Hitzig.

Then she held out her arm.

"I hold out my arm to you," she

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said. "This is not a simple thing. It means much to me to be able to do this. For years my arm was bent tight like this"—and she folded it at the elbow—"and then in America they gave my arm back to me."

And again she held her arm open to the group.

"This is what you see," she continued. "What you do not see is the heart that is so full. If the heart could speak it would tell you about this feeling that we girls all now know."

* * *

NOW, some four hours later, Michiyo Zomen was within a few minutes of home. I watched her closely. Her face lit up with excitement when the pilot announced we were flying over Hiroshima. I have no way of knowing whether we flew over the same spot that changed the course of history eleven years earlier, or whether the girls pondered the significance of the contrasting missions of the two U.S. Air Force planes of 1945 and 1956. The girls said very little as they peered intently through the windows at the blinking lights below.

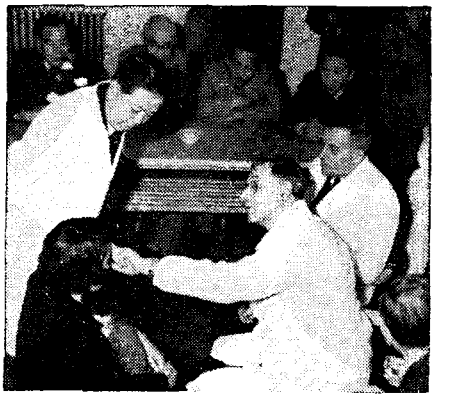
Then the plane passed beyond the city on its descent to the Iwakuni Airport forty miles away. When it rolled to a stop the door swung open and we stared at a modest portion of pandemonium. Reporters and photographers and newsreel cameramen were perched on a scaffolding at the foot of the stairs to the plane. Beyond them was a cheering throng. Here and there we could discern the faces of the Maidens who had returned to Hiroshima several months earlier. As each girl came off the plane she was eagerly grasped by relatives and friends. For fifteen minutes the rejoicing and embracing continued. In the midst of the confusion Mayor Watanabe proclaimed his welcome over loudspeakers.

At the far side of the crowd I spotted little Yoshie Harada of the earlier contingent of Maidens. Yoshie owned the distinction of being the first girl of the group to marry. She pushed her way through the crowd, her husband in tow, then proudly introduced him. I looked at Yoshie. She had grown up since I had last seen her. She was now a young woman, and, quite obviously, a supremely happy one. She pulled at my coat so that she might whisper in my ear. "We have something to tell you," she said. "That's all right, Yoshie," I replied, after taking one look at her embarrassed young husband. "I think I know."

Each of the Americans in the party —Dr. Barsky, Dr. Simon, Dr. Hitzig, Mrs. Richard Day (representing the Quakers with whom the girls lived while they were in the United States), Mrs. Yokoyama, Mrs. Edward Benenson, executive secretary to the project, and Miss Lonnie Miller, project nurse—was pulled and tugged in different directions. Each girl had parents or relatives it was important to introduce. Then, of course, there were the reunions with the first group of Maidens.

Willie Togashi, the Mayor's interpreter, took my arm and told me that Mrs. Nakabayashi, mother of the girl who died last May of heart arrest during surgery, had come to the airport and was sitting alone in the reception room. We managed to work our way through the crowd to her side. For months I had tried to prepare for this meeting, planning for what it was I would say to the parents of the girl who died while under our charge. And now, when the moment came, I lost the words. Then, just as months earlier the Nakabayashis had wired their heartfelt condolences to us even before we could write fully concerning what had happened, so now Mrs. Nakabayashi eased the pain of my awkwardness. She pressed her hands over mine and told me it was not necessary to say anything and how happy she was that we had come. I think she knew that our purpose in coming to Hiroshima was not only to escort the Maidens and to explore the surgical and medical needs of other citizens, but to pay our respects to the parents of Tomoko and to answer any questions they might have about what had happened. But in the warmth of her hands she made me understand that no explanations were needed. She apologized for the fact that Mr. Nakabayashi had not come to welcome us; he was ill, but he had asked his wife to say how grateful he was that we had arrived safely and that his every thought was for our health and well-being.

AND now the loudspeakers were announcing that the buses and cars were leaving for Hiroshima. I saw Mrs. Nakabayashi to a car provided for her by the Mayor, then rejoined the others. A long array of buses and cars had been commandeered by the city for the large number of well-wishers who wanted to greet the Maidens. Everyone got into his assigned vehicle and the procession started off on its two-hour ride to Hiroshima. The vehicles drove directly to the Cenotaph in Hiroshima, the memorial monument for the 230,000 people who had lost their lives in the explosion.



Dr. Arthur Barsky and Dr. Bernard Simon examine Hiroshima citizens who require surgical treatment. Dr. Tomin Harada, one of the project's surgeons, is at extreme left.

Hiroko Tasaka, representing the Maidens, placed a wreath under the arch.

Then the Americans went to their hotel and met briefly with the four Japanese doctors who were brought to the United States for the purpose of observing American techniques in plastic and reconstructive surgery as performed on the girls—Dr. Tomin Harada, Dr. Goro Ouchi, Dr. M. Fujii, and Dr. Sadam Takahashi. We reviewed our schedule for the week. Top priorities, of course, were given to a visit to the Nakabayashis and to consultations with city officials and local medical authorities on a new joint Japanese-American general program for those survivors of the atomic bombing who required medical and surgical treatment.

A supplementary schedule was worked out for Mrs. Day and Miss Miller in order to enable them to spend considerable time with the girls and their families. We were especially anxious that everything possible be done to help the girls make the necessary adjustments—psychologically, socially, economically.

As Mrs. Day said: "It's asking a great deal of a girl who has lived in prosperous America with all its advantages and openness to go back to poverty that is the lot of the average Japanese. And think of the big difference in the customs between the two countries."

Just as our earlier fears about the difficulty facing the girls of adjusting to a strange culture were quickly dispelled, so now our worries about their readjustment promised to be unfounded. I suspect that the girls themselves were sensitive about our apprehensions, for the very next morning, when we came down to breakfast at the New Hiroshima Hotel, they were waiting for us in the lobby—all of them dressed in their best Japanese kimonos and sandals.

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Yoshi Harada of the Maidens at the airport near Hiroshima: "I have something to tell you."

On the Pan American flight across the Pacific, Suzue Oshima set up a hair-dressing parlor. The "customer" is Nurse Lonnie Miller. Her Hiroshima shop is now open.

En Route to Hiroshima: left, Mrs. Richard Day, representing the Quakers, and Dr. William Hitzig discussed the girls' future.

It was as though they were saying to us:

"You see, there is really nothing to worry about. We are back in Hiroshima and it is still home to us. This is where we belong and where we are going to stay—and it is right that it is this way."

The next night, at the same United Church of Hiroshima where three years earlier the girls met with the Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto to discuss their dream about coming to the United States, they congregated again to review what had happened. In addition to the returning Maidens were most of the eighteen disfigured girls who had failed to pass the screening examinations conducted in Hiroshima by Dr. Barsky and Dr. Hitzig in April 1955. But now all the girls were together again.

Hideko Hirata, who impressed all who knew her in the United States with her high spirits, got up to say, Quaker meeting style, that there were no sharp lines or divisions in her life as the result of her experience.

"Each nation has its own advantages," she said. "In the United States we were part of a wonderful way of life and we saw and did many things different from Japan. We grew because of it. But now we are back in Japan and we see our own country with fresh eyes, and we see many advantages we never saw or understood before. And so I hope we will continue to grow. It is wrong to make comparisons between the two countries. Each has its own blessings. How fortunate we are to know both."

Hiroko Tasaka, who called herself the "champion surgery girl" because she had the largest number of operations in the U.S. of any of the Maidens —eleven—spoke of a visit to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. She was walking from one exhibition room to another when suddenly she came upon several display cases of Japanese art.

"I was fit to burst with pride," she said. "I stood there a long time. And then some American students walked by and looked at the exhibit and seemed to like it. And I had all I could do to keep from putting my thumbs under my arms with my fingers outstretched and saying to them: 'Isn't it wonderful? That art you are looking at is from my country. And I am Japanese'."

AMUSING incidents were retold—such as the time Atsuko Yamamoto, while in Mt. Sinai Hospital, kept mailing dozens of postcards and letters in a box right outside her room only to discover some days later that she had been posting them in a metal trash basket with a swinging top.

"Never knew they made waste bins so important looking," she laughed.

Or the time that Emiko Takemoto, who had learned a little about automobile driving in the United States, had backed the car out of the garage at the request of her Quaker "father." She was due that morning at Mt. Sinai for a checkup. When "father" observed how neatly Emiko had handled the car, he jokingly told her he would allow her to drive both of them all the way to New York.

"Oh no," she declared. "Only one of us going to hospital."

Or the time that Shigeko Niimoto skilfully turned the tables on her American "father" who liked to entertain his children with amateur magic. She unobtrusively had rearranged some of the props, then turned up with the missing item in an even more spectacular fashion than the original trick called for.

All this time at the church the girls who had been unable to come to the United States listened hungrily to the adventures of the returning Maidens. Then Misako Matsubara, one of "The Eighteen," as the girls who stayed behind are known, stood up.

"It is such a wonderful world you have been telling us about," she said to the other Maidens. "Ever since you left we have been reading your letters and talking to your families. The wonderful picture would grow and grow. And our prayers each night got larger too. We prayed so loud we were certain the Americans would hear us across the oceans and cause our dream to become true. Now we look at the beautiful new dresses and coats of the girls who have come back and we see new lights in their faces and we wonder if these things will ever happen to us."

It was difficult for us to say right then that the same medical reasons which prevented the Eighteen from coming to the United States in the first place still stood in the way of their dream. But the next day we asked Mr. Tanimoto to take us to visit Misako Matsubara so that we might tell her exactly what was possible. He took us to a small, dingy storefront not far from the center of town. Inside was a home for blind children. Despite its obviously impoverished condition—cracked walls, poor lighting—it was clean and tidy. Misako worked here. In a small-sized room on the second floor, blind tots no older than four or five played with each other by running around in circles. Every once in a while Misako would put up a deflecting hand to keep them from running into a wall. Then the children became aware of our presence and they were steered in our direction so they could kneel and bow in the most courteous Japanese fashion.

In an adjoining room a blind older girl of about twelve was practising on a *samisen,* the Japanese three-stringed guitar. She was extremely talented, and Misako took pride in her accomplishments. Then we went into a small classroom where Misako pointed in awe to a new Braille typewriter, one of two that had been brought back from the United States by Masako Wada and Keiko Kawasaki, two Maidens in the first contingent. The typewriters were working

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Mr. and Mrs. Nakabayashi and their hand-carved Spanish galleon model: presents for the Americans.

miracles in the education of the youngsters.

The tour of inspection over, we went downstairs for a frank talk with Misako. We explained that nothing was more difficult for the American doctors when they first came to Hiroshima than to be compelled to leave some girls behind because of tuberculosis or other factors that made a trip to the United States inadvisable. But we had all come back to assure the Eighteen that we now had the means to provide for their treatment within the city itself. Dr. Harada and his colleagues, who had gone to the United States as part of the project, had now returned to Hiroshima, and would start at once in their treatment of the Eighteen. We told Misako that the financial means for this purpose had been arranged and that all expenses, inside and outside the hospital, had been provided for.

Misako's fingers had been badly twisted and her arms badly scarred as the result of the explosion. But these were the kind of injuries and contractions that modern reconstructive surgery could repair. We told Misako that while her hands would not be as beautiful as they once were, they could be made to function fully.

As for the experience of living with an American family and taking part in American community life, we said frankly that this would not be possible. But we told Misako that Quaker families would be happy to adopt her at a distance, would help to provide such vocational training as might be useful, and would send her clothes and other things from time to time.

These promises were not lightly made. We were certain the American Quakers would redeem them with no less moral imagination than was evident in their care of the Maidens in the U.S.

We told Misako that what we said was intended for all the Eighteen and we wanted her to tell the others.

She replied that this was more than she wanted or felt she deserved. She said she had gone to bed with a heavy heart the night before after returning from Mr. Tanimoto's church because she had allowed herself to be carried away by wonderful visions; but she understood that some things were not to be. And what had now been told her, she said, was more than she could wish for.

We rode back in silence from the school for the blind children. Misako's response had been just right, but we couldn't give her what she had dreamt about and fully deserved. Yet some things at least were possible. These were carefully explored with Mayor Watanabe and the Atomic Bomb Patients Treatment Council, a quasi-official group of local surgeons and hospital officials with the Mayor as Chairman. It is not to be confused with the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, a research and investigatory group set up by the United States Government for the purpose of studying the effect of atomic-bomb radiation on human tissue. ABPTC can study and treat, with the emphasis on treatment. ABCC can only study, though it does make the results of its examinations available to local physicians who make effective use of this material in their own treatment.

In our meetings with the Atomic Bomb Patients Treatment Council, we made it clear that we were not attempting to superimpose our ideas concerning the nature of scope of treatment in any enlargement of the original project. We wanted to offer such cooperation as might be required and as might be within our means. One thing, however, was firm in our minds. We had made a specific commitment to the Eighteen, and we hoped that the ABPTC would be willing to consider treatment of this group as the first phase of any continuing program. We said we were prepared immediately to underwrite this phase as the result of contributions left over from the original Maidens project.

Mayor Watanabe assured us that ABPTC would be willing to work at once with the Eighteen, and that a budget for this purpose was already being prepared.

THIS matter satisfactorily settled, we then proceeded to more difficult questions:

First, what could be done for other people in Hiroshima who needed surgical and medical treatment? How many were there in such need? What had been happening to these cases? What was required to treat them?

Second, was there any way we could be of help in establishing plastic and reconstructive surgery in Japan on a specialized basis? Should this be

(*Continued on page* 40)

Emiko Takemoto and Dr. M. Fujii talk it over on the flight home to Hiroshima.

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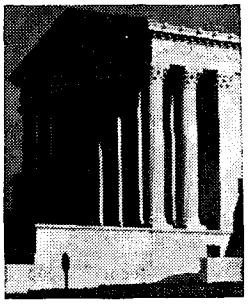

The Supreme Court

The Legacy of Brandeis, Holmes, and Stone

Books by Alpheus T. Mason, Samuel J. Konefsky

By ALLISON DUNHAM, *professor of law, University of Chicago.*

THIS year marks the centennial of the birth of Louis Dembitz Brandeis, one of the most celebrated justices of the United States Supreme Court. Fifteen years after his death lay and professional commentators are still trying to determine what his principles of judging were. Justice Brandeis was the first judge to be appointed to the Supreme Court from an active life crusading for the enactment of welfare and labor legislation and for the control of bigness in industrial life. What does such a justice do when called upon to judge the great social, political, and economic controversies which American political life turns into judicial questions?

We have been told many times, in and out of Congress, that a justice whose career as a lawyer was that of representing powerful economic interests will continue to represent such interests in performing his judicial function. Even judges have told us on occasion that their colleagues read their own economic predilections into decisions on Constitutional questions. All of this has been represented to be bad. Does a "liberal" judge continue to represent his interests and his economic predilections in the same way that a railroad lawyer is said to judge? On the other hand we have been told by Mr. Justice Jackson that every judge has been accused of reading his predilections into decision and that everyone has joined in that accusation of his colleagues. Furthermore, students of Constitutional history know that there are so many instances of judges, such as Chief Justices Hughes and Stone in our own time, who did not continue representing their economic interests on the bench that a simple categorization of judges in terms of their economic background is impossible.

In spite of this common knowledge about the difficulty of placing judges into neat little niches of "conservative" or "liberal" based on their past experience the attempt is still made. Although some writers have claimed Holmes as a liberal supporter of welfare legislation, which he so often voted to uphold, there is now so much evidence to the contrary that this claim is no longer made. Mr. Justice Holmes voted to uphold legislation which Citizen Holmes abhorred.

With respect to Mr. Justice Brandeis, however, commentators continue to be puzzled as to his judging process. Holmes is explained as a man who was indifferent both before and after he went on the bench. But Brandeis was a crusader, before he donned the robe, for economic positions similar to much of the legislation which he voted to uphold along with Holmes. Did he vote to uphold welfare legislation because he believed in it or because he considered it his judicial function to do so?

ALPHEUS T. MASON'S **"Brandeis: A Free Man's Life"** (Viking, $7:50), first published in 1946 and reissued this year as an anniversary edition, and Samuel J. Konefsky's **"The Legacy of Holmes and Brandeis"** (Macmillan, $6) address themselves to this puzzle concerning Brandeis's judging process. In a sense these books complement each other, for the biography gives us the background from which, it is said, we get the proof of his judging process. The picture painted by Mason of the great crusader, the firm believer in man's ability to improve his lot by conscious action of democratic government, and of the foe of bigness in industrial organization is as exciting and satisfactory today as it was in 1946. The description of the New Haven Railroad controversy, the Congressional hearings on the Ballinger-Pinchot conservation squabble, the crusade for justice and democracy for labor organized and unorganized, and Brandeis's participation in railroad fare litigation establishes for all to read the amazing ability of the Justice completely to master the facts and ideas of a complicated controversy and to organize them for support of particular ends.

Mason devotes less than one-fourth of his volume to Brandeis's twenty-two years on the Supreme Court. From the numerous decisions in which Brandeis participated both in dissent and in majority Mason has selected only a few and the decisions selected would tend to support the idea that the past does give us the clue to the judge's votes. Indeed, Mason concludes that Brandeis continued to represent his earlier social ends; he was as much for the purpose of the legislation as the legislator.

Konefsky's book is a study in the influence of ideas. It is concerned with the same area of Constitutional controversy as Mason's book but he treats these Constitutional debates in more detail and seeks to assess the influence of Brandeis's and Holmes's expressions on their successors. Konefsky asks: Did Holmes and Brandeis share a common philosophy? What was their conception of judicial review? What has been the fate of their philosophies in the hands of their interpreters? The answer to these questions is sought primarily in an analysis of the dissenting opinions in which the two judges concurred with each other. With some exceptions the cases selected for analysis are from two contentious areas: the power of state or federal government to order its economic system by regulation, taxation, and prohibition which a legislative majority think will promote the general welfare; and the power of government to control matters touching expression and conscience.

For Holmes it was enough when the power of government to regulate economic matters was before him that there was reasonable basis for the legislative belief that welfare was promoted. A reference to an admittedly Constitutional economic regulation which Holmes thought analogous to the one before him and an assertion that he could not say the legislative judgment was irrational was sufficient written expression for Holmes of the conclusion. Konefsky concludes that this judicial forbearance or respect for the legislative judgment is a valuable legacy as long as the Supreme Court retains a right to upset the decisions of other units of government. For Brandeis, on the other hand, an opinion reaching the same conclusion as Holmes was the occasion for an exhaustive treatise designed to illumine the problems with which the legislature had dealt and to confirm the conclusion that the legislature had acted rationally.

Konefsky concludes that the copious citation of economic and social data found in Brandeis's opinions reflects his belief that judges have a creative role to play in molding Constitutional law to meet the needs of social change and that it is this affirmative role in social progress for

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the judiciary which is Brandeis's contribution to American jurisprudence. Holmes's negative role and Brandeis's affirmative role happened to reach the same result on most specific issues.

In the modern Supreme Court there is a high degree of unanimity concerning the Constitutional power of government to regulate or plan economic forces as the legislative majority wishes. This is so true that there is no longer any serious controversy concerning these matters before the Supreme Court. Perhaps Konefsky should have told us that when the break-through occurred and the Supreme Court allowed Congress or the States to regulate, the judicial rhetoric of a usually unanimous court more closely resembles Holmes than Brandeis. In this area the Court now says little more than the statement that the Court cannot say that the end is unconstitutional or the means chosen by the legislature is irrational. Judicial forbearance rules the day where economic regulation is concerned.

Konefsky has more extended discussion of the second area of Constitutional debate from which he selected his illustrations of Holmes's and Brandeis's beliefs. This is as it should be, for the power of government to control free expression is still subject to a raging battle. It is always a pleasure to reread the great libertarian tracts which Holmes and Brandeis wrote from time to time when dissenting from a majority opinion which upheld government control of free expression. This is some of the best of the world's literature on liberty, and Konefsky does us the service of reprinting that which we should reread periodically. The development of Holmes's and Brandeis's idea that government cannot limit free expression unless there is a "clear and present danger" that the expression will bring about an evil which the legislature is entitled to prevent is set forth in detail. He is quite critical of this neat phrase "clear and present danger" largely because it is a vehicle of limitation on expression rather than a limit on government action. He carries the debate forward through the controversy about the "preferred position" of freedom of expression among the values to be protected by the Supreme Court to the debate about the conviction of the Communist leaders in 1951 for conspiring to advocate the overthrow of the Government of the United States. Since the controversy is current and the outcome not clear the extent of the legacy of the Holmes and Brandeis idea is not certain. Nevertheless we can say that there is a high degree of unanimity on the current Court as to the idea that freedom of expression is more to be respected by the Court than the legislative judgment, and although the phrasing in opinion has perhaps been different we can say with confidence that this preferred position to be accorded free expression is a legacy of Holmes and Brandeis.

Both Mason and Konefsky in dealing with Brandeis on the Supreme Court exhibit a common tendency to make judicial liberalism a simple unitary concept. Find out, says this viewpoint, whether government regulation of business in favor of the economically weak is involved in the case or whether the case involves a right to free expression; then find out whether the judge voted to uphold the regulation of business or to permit an impotent agitator to speak in the American equivalent of Hyde Park and you have discovered whether the judge is a liberal. An analysis of the "liberal" judge's rhetoric in these cases will then show his concept of his judicial function, at least if you pass over lightly references in his opinion to other matters.

Not only are these two areas not the only areas of constitutional controversy but these two areas are not now presented to the Supreme Court if they ever were in such a simple form. There are other values com-

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—*Harris & Ewing.*

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS: Paul A. Freud, professor of law at Harvard Law School, writes in a new book, **"Mr. Justice"** (University of Chicago Press, $3.75): Brandeis strove to domesticate [the Hebraic Hellenic tradition of seeking and striving] in the institutions of twentieth-century America, with a resourcefulness gained from immersion in the complexities of our industrial civilization. As a judge he acted on the principle that knowledge must precede understanding, as understanding should precede judging, and to this end he committed himself to almost incredible labors of investigation and exposition, so that what he touched might be illuminated. Both as lawyer and as judge the necessity of working within the confines of specific controversies gave to his formulation strength, impact, and the quality of tested wisdom."

—*Culver.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES "disliked the phrase ['the natural law']," Francis Biddle, former Attorney General of the United States, writes in "Mr. Justice," "and particularly the implicit suggestion that *law* was separate from an act of sovereign power, from something that could be enforced. His nature rebelled against the assumption that the preferences of a single group of the community, whether or not accepted by other groups, became law by a sort of laying-on of hands, and against this revealed test of moral assumption by this sanction alone contrary to the will and choice of the community. . . . He was skeptical of all generalities, although he loved to make them. . . . [He] refused to recognize personal beliefs of the spirit in the public domain."

—*N. Y. Times Studio.*

HARLAN FISKE STONE: "It is not surprising," writes Allison Dunham in "Mr. Justice," "that a justice who had so passionately challenged his brethren about reading their own predilections into the Constitution, and who had followed so faithfully a canon of adjudication that avoided personal preferences, should address himself to establishing a standard that would try to maintain an even-handed approach to similar problems. Neither Holmes nor Brandeis had had to address themselves specifically to this problem. Stone rejected avenues of solution based on magical formulae or a rhetoric which appeared to deny judges the power of judging. . . . Nor did it seem to him to help matters to use different rhetoric. . . . When judging called for making value judgments he saw no reason to conceal that he was doing just that."

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peting for first consideration. Thus a dispute involving evidence obtained by Federal policemen in an illegal manner may also involve a dispute as to the relation of the Federal Government to the states and the relation of the Executive to its employes. Is it "liberal" to allow the states to experiment as to methods of conducting criminal trials or is it liberal to prohibit the use of such evidence if the prohibition interferes in the regulation of the conduct of Federal employes by the Executive? Protection of the laborer against the economic losses due to industrial accidents may involve a question of whether one state should be able to impose its solution of the economic problem on industry and employes connected with another state or whether the solution of Congress is exclusive. Is it liberal to decide for the workingman or liberal to allocate exclusive responsibility to one of the two states so that it may experiment with solutions of the problem or liberal to decide for national power? There may even be a conflict between two liberties—freedom to express oneself in a sound truck and undisturbed freedom to worship in a place with open windows. A decision for one form of free expression necessarily curtails the others. Which is the liberal position?

The current Supreme Court is almost as sharply divided on many matters as the Court was during the era of Brandeis and Holmes; yet the Court is in substantial accord on the two matters often thought of as the legacy of Holmes and Brandeis. The division comes in areas where there are sharply competing judicial values and in areas of controversy which were not the major legal battlefields in the time of Brandeis and Holmes.

What this all adds up to is that no person can understand, let alone criticize, the conduct of the Supreme Court until he has a full picture of the competing values in the many different types of dispute before the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court adjudges matters in which the basic dispute is individual against state government, individual against federal government, federal government against state government, and state government against state government. There is no universally accepted hierarchy of values common to each type of dispute. Judges must choose and sometimes they choose differently. Even Lincoln at one time made preservation of the Federal system a higher value than abolition of slavery.

A full picture of the work of Holmes and Brandeis on the Supreme Court

(*Continued on page* 33)

THE ARTS

Era of Anguish and Creativity

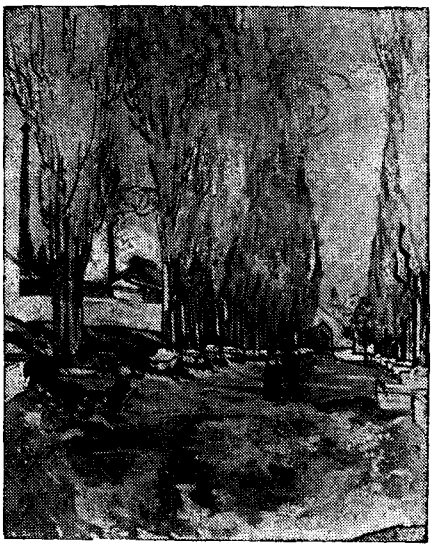
"Post-Impressionism," by John Rewald *(Museum of Modern Art-Simon & Schuster. 611 pp. 47 illus. $15), is a discussion of the work of some of the leading painters, critics, and writers of the Paris art world of 1886-1893. José López-Rey, author of "Goya's Caprichos," is our reviewer.*

By José López-Rey

JOHN REWALD'S "Post-Impressionism: From Van Gogh to Gauguin" is a sequel to his widely read "History of Impressionism" published a decade ago. The new volume deals with personalities and events of the world of art, whose center was in Paris, during the years 1886-1893. Although the emphasis is on Van Gogh, Seurat, and Gauguin, much is told about other painters, including Bernard, Signac, Pissarro, and Odilon Redon, as well as art critics and writers, Felix Fénéon and Huysmans among them. Other outstanding painters, without whose full comprehension of the period under discussion could not be achieved, are mentioned only in passing. Most of these, however, will be the subject of a subsequent volume which Mr. Rewald is planning to devote to Toulouse-Lautrec, the late years of Cézanne, the Nabis, and Gaugin's second and last stay in Tahiti, as well as to the Fauves and the young Picasso.

One is, of course, tempted to dispute the adequacy of the title "Post-Impressionism" to cover "the period from about 1886, when the Impressionists held their last and complete exhibition, at which the Neo-Impressionists appeared for the first time, until some twenty years later, when Cubism was born." But there is little need to elaborate the point since the author explains that the term chosen is not quite precise.

As Mr. Rewald makes clear, his main concern has been to present the vast body of documents and testimonials which he has gathered rather than to express his views on the events to which they refer. He is excellently equipped for the task. Indeed, long years of research have made him familiar with the published and unpublished sources pertaining to his chosen subject. In the present instance he has once more succeeded in turning a profusion of information into a readable narrative, where the quotations from artist's letters and other sources, at times lengthy, are never dull. Of course, he has had to make choices, thus unavoidably and legitimately disclosing his sentiments on the matter at hand. Yet, one must regret that he makes no attempt to draw conclusions which might have made his story truly cogent. Nor, one must gratefully add, has he brought his discussion down to a purely anecdotal level.



"The Alyscamps" by Vincent Van Gogh.

IN most respects Mr. Rewald's new book is readable and well documented, one that often and quite interestingly tells about the relationship between towering and minor personalities, all of whom were active in the world of art during a period of anguish and creativity. A considerable number of the documents that it cites have never been published before, and others are now given for the first time in an English translation. The usefulness of the book is increased by a well-devised index and a well-planned bibliography.

The large, squarish format makes the volume somewhat cumbersome, though not really unmanageable. The white-and-black reproductions are, on the whole, excellent, and the color plates are of the good quality which we have come to expect of the Museum of Modern Art's publications.

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Heritage of a Lonely Man

"The Idea of Louis Sullivan," by John Szarkowski *(University of Minnesota Press. Unpaged. $10), is a collection of photographs of the surviving work of one of the great forces in American architecture. It is reviewed by A. K. Placzek of Avery Architectural Library, Columbia University.*

By A. K. Placzek

ON APRIL 14, 1924, there died in a cheap hotel on the South Side of Chicago an unemployed elderly architect named Louis Henry Sullivan, deserted by most of his friends (with the notable exception of his former chief draughtsman, Frank Lloyd Wright), separated from his wife, penniless, and addicted to drink. It was the complete reversal of the American success story. Yet seldom has a lost cause triumphed more completely. The tremendous fact that the twentieth century, unlike the nineteenth, has a generally accepted and coherent architectural style is in no small measure due to the lonely man who died in that cheap hotel.

This year is the hundredth anniversary of Sullivan's birth, now universally celebrated. As the tragic pioneer of the new architecture he has become almost a myth, notwithstanding the destruction or neglect of so many of his buildings. The Art Institute of Chicago is staging a great Centennial exhibition, and besides John Szarkowski's "The Idea of Louis Sullivan" at least one other book is in the offing.

The myth is also an enigma, for Sullivan was a man of many contradictions. His monumental motto "form follows function" has become the most influential dictum in modern architecture. But was he himself a functionalist? He wrote:

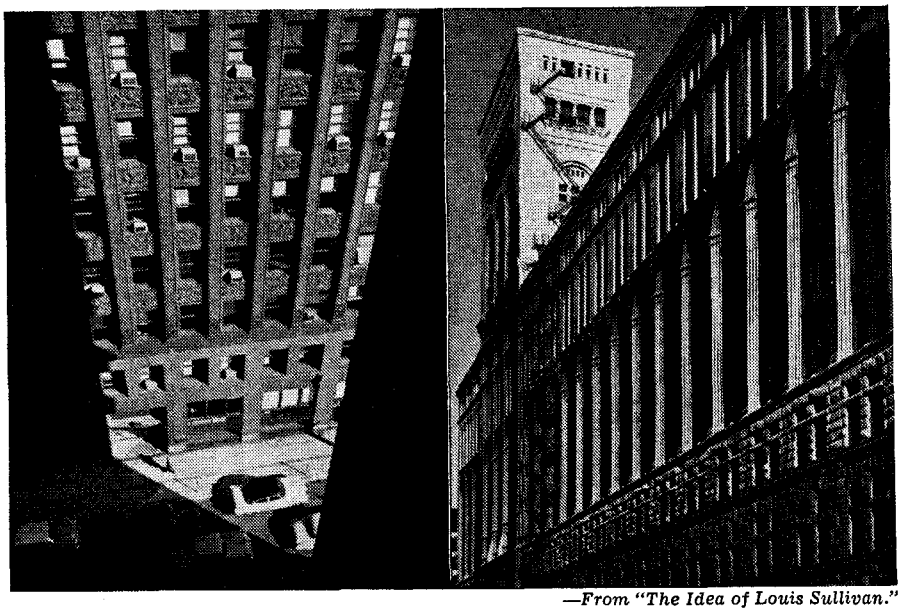
> Whether it be the sweeping eagle in his flight or the open apple blossom, the toiling workhorse, the blithe swan, the branching oak, the winding stream at its base, the drifting clouds, over all the coursing sun, form ever follows function, and this is the law.

This, as Mr. Szarkowski points out, is not the functional law of the sailing ship and the broad-bit ax, not one derived from human use. These are not the forms visualized by the master-builder who thinks in terms of man-made structures, but those of the mystic in unison with nature. Sullivan was one of the fathers of the skyscraper, but also a spiritual descendant of Thoreau. He insisted on structural clarity, but remained enamored of the lushest kind of ornamentation. He was superbly articulate as a writer, but seldom precise; and he was superbly precise in his buildings, but did not always articulate their interior in the external organization. He rebelled against a materialistic civilization, but his artistically most successful creations are all business buildings.

A final evaluation of this contradictory man must belong to a less contradictory time. Hugh Morrison published his biography—the first book on Sullivan—in 1935; reprinted in 1952, it has remained the chief source of information. Also there is Frank Lloyd Wright's warmhearted and pugnacious tribute to the man he still calls his *Lieber Meister*, "Genius and the Mobocracy." And there are Sullivan's own writings. From one of them, "The Autobiography of an Idea," Mr. Szarkowski derives his title. His book, however, is of a special sort; in a series of magnificent photographs Szarkowski looks at Sullivan's works with the eyes of love. He attempts neither to evaluate nor to collect new material. An art teacher and noted photographer, he has turned his camera on a few of the outstanding buildings—with stunning results. The pictures are accompanied by somewhat disjointed quotations, mostly but, unhappily, not all from Sullivan himself; some of the pronunciamentos of the New York society leader Ward McAllister about Chicago seem to this reviewer particularly superfluous. The inclusion of some contemporaneous architectural mediocrities by way of contrast is also superfluous and indeed misleading, and detracts from the esthetic unity of the book.

THE recollections of some surviving business associates were collected by Mr. Szarkowski, and there are some poignant portraits of them in their old age. But the substance of the volume lies in the photographs of Sullivan's architecture. They are quite properly mostly exterior shots, because they are concerned with building in their context of fast-growing cities, the ever-changing sunlight upon them. Some are in a state of extreme disrepair, like the Chicago Auditorium, before it was transformed into Roosevelt College, with the paint peeling off and all the glory and pomp gone out of it. Others, like the Wainwright Building in St. Louis, are caught in all their youthful vigor and timeless modernity. Around them there is traffic and there are people. It is these people who act as a scale to the structural pattern not only in space but also in time. This human time-dimension is more in the tradition of Steichen and Cartier-Bres-

(*Continued on page* 29)



—From "The Idea of Louis Sullivan."

The Wainwright Building in St. Louis and the Chicago Auditorium.

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CIVIL WAR

Rebellion Rides the Rails

"The Wild Train," by Charles O'Neill *(Random House. 482 pp. $5), is an account of the famous "Andrews Raid" of the Civil War, when twenty-two Northerners stole a Confederate train. It is reviewed by Robert S. Henry, author of "The Story of the Confederacy," "This Fascinating Railroad Business," and other books.*

By Robert S. Henry

"THE WILD TRAIN" deals with what its author, Charles O'Neill, describes correctly as "the most melodramatic single sequence of events of the Civil War: the capture of a locomotive deep in the Confederacy by a party of twenty-two Union raiders and the ensuing chase" over an eighty-six-mile stretch of railroad "led by a handful of determined and resourceful Georgia railroadmen."

The main outlines of the story of the Andrews Raid are familiar. The locomotive *General* and three cars were captured while crew and passengers were at breakfast at the station eating-house at Big Shanty. Its captors ran the train north toward Chattanooga, Tenn., with intent to burn bridges and thus break a vital supply line of the Confederacy at a critical time. The plan was foiled by the pursuit of railroadmen—only three of them at first, starting on foot, changing to a handcar, and using, in succession, three locomotives, the last of which, the *Texas,* was run in reverse at mile-a-minute speeds. The stolen locomotive was retaken and its captors scattered to the North Georgia woods, all to be rounded up and imprisoned, eight to be hanged as spies, and the remainder either to escape or to be exchanged.

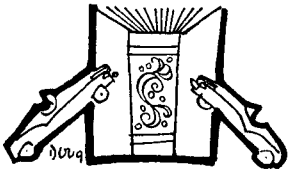
The story of these events has been told and retold time and again but never, to my knowledge, with the comprehensiveness and authenticity of Mr. O'Neill's book.

The basic material of the book is the quoted words of the thirteen out of twenty-two raiders who survived and told the story as they experienced it, and—much more briefly—the accounts of six of the pursuers. Each one of these nineteen participants is permitted to tell his own story as he saw it, with a minimum of editorial emendation. In addition, the author has used pertinent passages from the accounts of non-participants where such accounts throw light on the events or the personalities involved.

Mr. O'Neill's researches have extended to the backgrounds and subsequent careers of the participants, and particularly of the twenty Ohio soldiers and the one Kentuckian who volunteered to go with James J. Andrews on the raid. The mystery of the identity of Andrews himself is the subject of even more searching study but it remains a mystery.

The raid was undertaken to pave the way for the first Union attempt to capture the key transportation center of Chattanooga. Some idea of the estimate placed upon the goal may be gained from reading in the Official Records President Lincoln's telegram of June 30, 1862, in which he declared that "to take and hold the railroad at or east of Cleveland, in East Tennessee, I think fully as important as the taking and holding of Richmond."

The Andrews Raid did not result in "taking and holding" the railroad. In fact, its effect upon even the railroad over which the raiders ran was fleeting and all but negligible. But it did focus attention upon the vital part of railroads in this first "railroad war" and it did result in adding to the story of America a heroic legend. Behind and beneath the legend is a story more remarkable and more thrilling than all the myths and part-truths that, as Mr. O'Neill says, have come close to obscuring the real story. In this work the author has let the story tell itself—no mean feat of organizing scattered bits from varied and sometimes conflicting accounts. In so doing he has brought together in readable form more of the facts about the Andrews Raid than are to be found, I believe, anywhere else between covers.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE GASOLINE AGE IN FICTION

Fannie Gross of Asheville, N.C., asks you to identify ten literary characters who were in automobile accidents right on your book shelf. Repairs made on page 37.

1. During an international motor race of Speed Kings in England, this young lady, serving as a spare driver, disappeared off the course when her Plunket-Bowse got out of control; the car was found smoking fifteen miles away and the lady died of her injuries in a nursing home.
2. Intoxicated and unkempt, racing against a train, this college student was driving a girl to a University baseball game at Starkville when his car struck a tree that was blocking the road and turned over.
3. Having killed his opponent in a prize-fight, this promising violinist drove madly through the night trying to forget and crashed his car, killing himself and the girl who accompanied him.
4. She was killed by a hit-and-run driver of a yellow car when she ran out to it, thinking, mistakenly, that her lover was in it, but it happened to be driven by the man's wife instead.
5. After this young man and his baby died in a head-on collision near Chicago, his wife became a tragic alcoholic.
6. Unable to participate in a fox hunt because of a sprained ankle, she followed in an open Dusenberg, got into the path of the fox, threw her companion against the windshield, had her front fender and hood ruined by two bay mares, and created havoc in general.
7. His secondhand car once belonged to a young couple who had died in it when it crashed into a tree and whose spirits haunted him until he hit the same tree himself.
8. As this Georgia woman ran across the yard to a vantage point behind a chinaberry tree, her son, who was backing a Ford toward the road, ran over her.
9. Already under arrest for driving around town all night in his 1910 Cadillac with a group of drunken chorus girls and on his way to jail, a fat policeman beside him, he collided with a telephone post on the most dangerous corner in Libya Hill.
10. Speeding at seventy miles an hour around midnight, this young Italian struck a cart on the road, hurling the driver fifty feet in the air, but mysteriously no one was hurt, and the car not even scratched.

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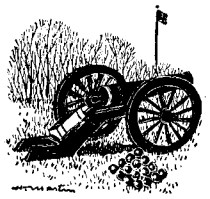
David in Confederate Gray



***"Captain Little Ax," by James Street** (Lippincott. 377 pp. $3.95), is a historical romance about the Cradle Company, the assortment of youthful military misfits that became a legend in the Mississippi theatre of operations.*

By Earl Schenck Miers

EVEN a few unreconstructed Rebels who will wince at James Street's uncomplimentary portraits of such Southern generals as Bragg and Beauregard will admit that the hero of his novel "Captain Little Ax" was a credit to the Confederate gray. This undersized lad, whose full name was Ax Trowbridge, wanting desperately to prove himself a man, David-like carried a brave heart in his slingshot. His failing, so far as the Goliaths who wore brass stars were concerned, was his ability to think for himself.

Little Ax is fifteen and fresh from Western Mississippi Military Institute when he finds his father, captain of Company C of the Mississippi 13th, the day before the bloody business at Shiloh. Big Ax swears his son in as a private on one condition—that he go home. But Little Ax doesn't, and at the end of the first day at Shiloh he is the sole survivor of Company C. How he manages to form a new company overnight, to fight savagely and brilliantly next day, and to gain no thanks at all from the high command for his effort sets off the chain of exciting events in this lively romance.

The Cradle Company under Captain Little Ax, an assortment of nondescript, youthful military misfits, left to their own devices show the regular army how a war should be fought. Soon they become a legend in the Mississippi theatre of operations. Eventually the unorthodox Bedford Forrest recognizes the genius of Little Ax. But just when the Cradle Company seems to have won a place with the regulars a series of adversities sets in. Little Ax is disgraced. The girl he intended to marry picks this bitter moment to reveal that she never has loved him. At home the Yankees have killed his sister, and all but two of his slaves have run away. Only Eudora, who is hardly a shade above poor white trash, sticks by him, for what dubious comfort Little Ax can find in that circumstance. Eventually it all works out—Little Ax is vindicated, the remnant of the Cradle Company gathers in time for Little Ax to lose a leg at Chickamauga, and at home the worthy Eudora waits.

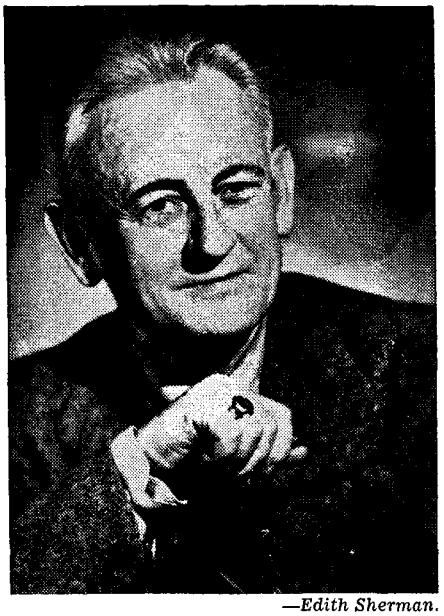
James Street writes with skill and freshness. He loves the South with a deep and tender insight. To him the war fought on the battlefield was more honorable than that fought among the vainglorious members of the top brass. As a result Little Ax and his Cradle Boys emerge as a symbol of that youthful idealism and vigor which in the South never was defeated in spirit. "Captain Little Ax" is appealing fare for all who like historical romances. Civil War fans should eat it up.

CAROLINA MARCH: William Tecumseh Sherman may never have actually said "War is hell," but his march through Georgia in 1864 and his campaign in the Carolinas in early 1865 certainly made it seem so to the inhabitants of those regions. This is painstakingly shown in John G. Barrett's **"Sherman's March Through the Carolinas"** (University of North Carolina Press, $6), a fine, scholarly account of the operation Sherman considered "by far the most important in conception and execution of any act of . . . his life."

Dr. Barrett, a history teacher at Virginia Military Institute, tends to agree with Liddell Hart in ranking Sherman as a masterly strategical innovator, but he is less certain that the bold Carolinas campaign had a direct bearing on Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Yet he does concede that by bringing home the stern realities of war to the people of the Carolinas Sherman "unquestionably helped to undermine the morale of the South, producing a 'defeatist psychology' both on the home front and on the battlefield."

While Dr. Barrett adds little that is new to our general knowledge of Sherman, he has drawn a vivid picture of his total war strategy in action, emphasizing his conviction that it was the most effective device to shorten the war. Sherman himself was not cruel, nor was he especially vindictive; but war must be waged thoroughly or not at all. And he waged a thorough war in the Carolinas, knocking out military installations and civilian facilities of all kinds. He aimed his blows at the Southern will to resist.

Sherman's troops, as Dr. Barrett points out, sometimes went out of bounds, especially in the razing of Columbia and in the attitude of some toward the Negro. The men, of course, were not social reformers in uniform —a factor that Dr. Barrett appears to overlook. This aside, the book is a significant contribution to Civil War literature both because of its clear narrative of an army in the field and its balanced appraisal of Sherman as one of the first of our modern generals. —ALDEN WHITMAN.



—*Edith Sherman.*

James Street—". . . skill, freshness."

BATTLES AND LEADERS, COMPLETE: Last week we mentioned in these columns that **"Battles and Leaders of the Civil War"** has been published by Appleton-Century-Crofts at $8.95. For this one-volume edition Ned Bradford selected forty-four of some 325 articles written by participants of the war for *Century Magazine* in the 1880s; later published in four volumes, the work came to be considered a classic. Now Thomas Yoseloff, the New York publisher, has reprinted the four-volume version of "Battles and Leaders" in its entirety, reproducing the original typography and illustrations by a photographic process. Only an introduction by Professor Roy Franklin Nichols of the University of Pennsylvania has been added. The set, boxed, is priced at $30.

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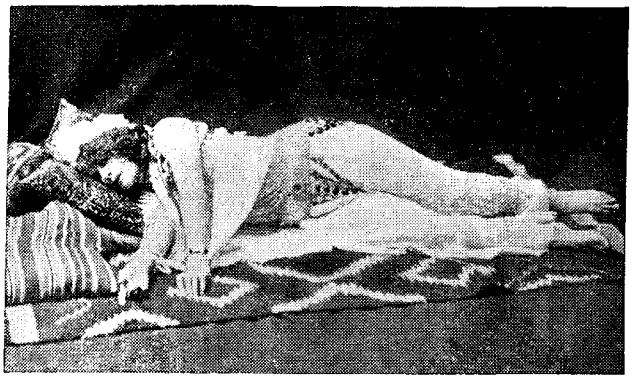
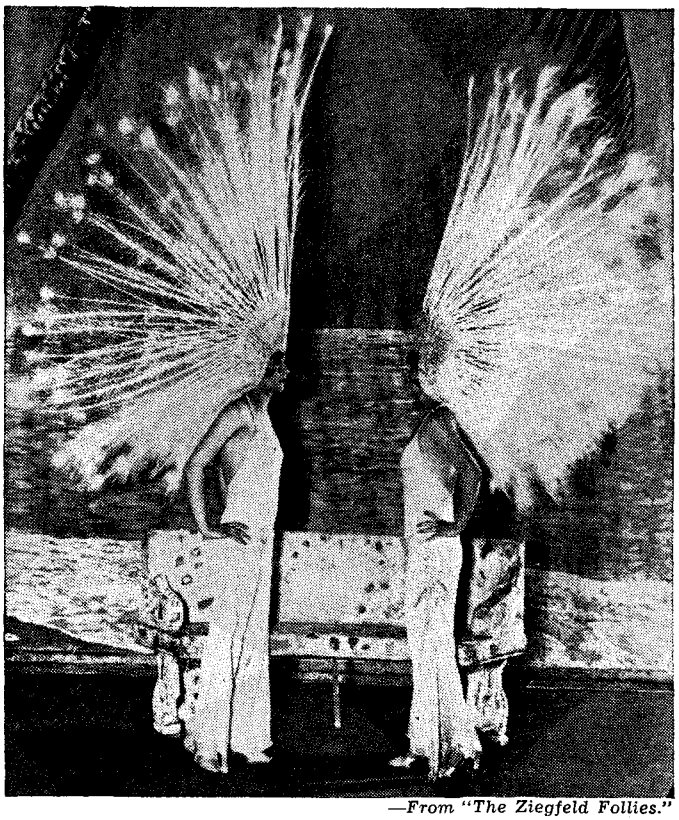
What Daguerre Hath Wrought

LITTLE did L. J. M. Daguerre, the Frenchman who pioneered in the development of the photograph (and who is the subject of a biography reviewed on page 29), suspect that among the uses to which the publishing industry would put his labors 100 years after his death was the production of albums of nostalgia designed specifically for Christmas-giving. The enterprising house of Putnam has just come up with three examples of this type of merchandise, from which the pictures on this page are taken: **"It Seems Like Yesterday,"** a volume "that recalls to mind in text and pictures the great moments of the twentieth century" by H. V. Kaltenborn; **"The Ziegfeld Follies,"** a history by *New York Journal-American* feature writer Marjorie Farnsworth; and **"A Pictorial History of Burlesque,"** by Bernard Sobel, onetime author of a definitive history of that art form. Each volume is priced at $5.95.



—From "A Pictorial History of Burlesque" (Museum of the City of New York).

In old-fashioned burlesque, Eva Tanguay, the "I Don't Care Girl," did her own version of the "Dance of the Seven Veils."



—From "The Ziegfeld Follies."

Showgirls in peacock costumes, as in 1925 "Follies," shown here, became a standard feature of Ziegfeld revues.

—From "It Seems Like Yesterday" (INS).

Back in 1932, Chief of Staff MacArthur and his aide Colonel Eisenhower moved bonus marchers out of Washington.

—From "The Ziegfeld Follies."

These demure misses, posing against a backdrop that looks as if it could be a law-court, are actually the first Ziegfeld chorus in the 1907 revue.

—"A Pictorial History of Burlesque."

Jackie Gleason, who graduated to better things.

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Queen Without Crown

—*Culver.*
Agnes Sorel—". . . surpassing beauty."

"La Belle Sorel," by Jacques Carton *(translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Washburn. 345 pp. $3.95), is a biographical novel about Agnes Sorel, whose feverish body and divine form so fascinated Charles VII that she became France's unofficial queen.*

By Otis Fellows

AS THE Middle Ages slowly drew to a close, a man grotesque in appearance and half sick in mind and body was proclaimed King of France. Posterity knows Charles VII chiefly through two remarkably contrasting women who, some fifteen years younger than their sovereign, met early deaths. Both were victims of awakened jealousy, court intrigue, and perfidy in an age of subtle, slow-hatching plots, duplicity, and religious fervor. One, of course, was Joan of Arc, the extraordinary shepherdess who had saved France only to have her still warm ashes thrown into the Seine. The other was Agnes Sorel of the feverish body and divine form, whose heart is enshrined in a little town not far from where the Maid of Orleans was tried and executed.

For five hundred years legend and fiction have distorted or embellished history in relating why one was finally burned at the stake while the other now lies under a marble effigy of regal splendor in the valley of the Loire. If the documents about Agnes Sorel are many, the facts are few. But it is agreed that her surpassing beauty captivated the tissue of contradictions that was Charles VII. It is likewise certain that she became his acknowledged mistress and so remained till her death presumably through poison. She was thus the first woman in French history to achieve that semi-official and highly important position, carrying with it the state and distinction of a queen, which was to extend down through the Ancien Régime to Madame de Pompadour.

Here, then, are the essential ingredients for what could be a run-of-the-mill historical romance, lurid but quite divorced from reality in its cliché-ridden situations. But Jacques Carton's "La Belle Sorel" is something else again. It appears to be the only novel the author has written, and more's the pity! M. Carton, now in his early fifties, is a man of culture and erudition and his other books, nonfictional in nature, were published for a small but appreciative public.

As conceived by the author the present tale is divided into four parts:

(*Continued on page* 34)

More Books With the Christmas Spirit

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM: A fresh approach to the Nativity story is not an easy thing to achieve, but Richard Sullivan has managed to bring it off quite successfully in **"The Three Kings"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). Moreover, difficult as it sounds, he has brought a measure of high comedy into his treatment, in a relaxed way that does not clash with the underlying serious, reverential, and committed Christian tone.

The Magi (the point is made that they are not really kings) have arrived at the palace of Herod, in Jerusalem, having followed their star from Persia. Herod wishes to sidetrack their quest for a new "King of the Jews" without being conspicuous about it. He pretends to be employing all resources to help them, their star being temporarily lost in overcast night skies. Meanwhile he plays adroitly upon the weakness of each of his guests to subvert their purpose.

The comedy is derived from Mr. Sullivan's study of character. The Magi, whom we are so accustomed to enshrine in the solemn haze of legend, he has made all too thoroughly human in their foibles and temptations. After the first, almost startling, adjustment we must make the only comment to be made is "Why not?" If anything this enriches, rather than diminishes, the ultimate mystery. The medieval mystery plays often took their charm and special emotional force from such earthy liberties.

But it is in Herod that the comedy is at its sharpest. This scoundrelly old fox is much in the manner of Volpone, sinister but funny. You will have to make an adjustment to his speech, which will then flow smoothly, for Mr. Sullivan, in the mode used so successfully by Shaw in "Caesar" and in "Androcles," has him speaking a slangy modern idiom.

The difficulty with this book for some will be in accepting it on the author's premises. If so received it will be at first freshly entertaining, deeping swiftly to become genuinely moving as the crucial decisions are made and in the scenes of adoration at Bethlehem. By then the unctuous, over-smart buffoon Herod is gone from the stage and we see his reality in the Slaughter of the Innocents.

I commend "The Three Kings" for a most creative approach to a story in danger of the paralysis of tradition. —EDMUND FULLER.

CHRISTMAS AT HOME: Grandfather Baxter, "hero" of Edward Streeter's **"Merry Christmas, Mr. Baxter"** (Harper, $3), starts to warm up his annual pre-Christmas tirade against needless gewgaws and a billowing budget, only to find himself swept away, willy-nilly, by the spirit of the season. Soon he is darting in and out of New York City's department stores to make unpremeditated purchases ranging from an ice-cream mixing machine to a mink stole. Though this gaily romping novel does not remotely match the quality of Mr. Streeter's "The Father of the Bride" it does have a good deal of quiet fun with familiar Christmas scenes at the office and the home. —S.P. MANSTEN.

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A Thousandth Poem to Dylan Thomas

By John Ciardi

WAKING outside his Babylonian binge
in the wet and cramp of morning stone, the sot
begins his daily death. A first stiff wince
numbers his bones, each like a tooth of God.

Where did night end? Girlies in a red flame
squeal through his broken memory like pigs:
Hell's barnyard burning or a zoo of days,
stampeded shapes exploded from their skins.

He tastes again the ooze of a first sigh
dead in his throat; his mouth, a rotten fig;
his sex, a broken glue-pot in the thighs;
his breath, a shudder from below the will.

Sooner or later he must break an eye
to look at what he sees of what he is.
An angel beating at the trap of time?
A bird-heart pulsing in an idiot's fist?

Both. Either. Floated open from its muds,
that moment in the clear, the sot's eye sees
as much as saints could bear of the fire-blood
God's heart pumps in its seizure of the skies.

Then how the man could sing his meat to tears,
there in God's eye and blood, for that lost place
where he was innocent, before his need
changed to a thirst inside the worm of waste.

He pours his celebrations of regret,
tormented joyous from the throat of mud,
hawk-hearted as Augustine in his sweat,
dove-eyed as Francis' bridal with the wood.

It is the age of sots. Our holiness
wakens outside the minareted fronts
of a jazzy, airless, and expensive Hell.
He sings our wish. He drinks his death for us

who have no throats to die of or to sing.
He is Saint Binge at death in his own meat,
the blaze meant in the char we make of things,
our addict and our angel of defeat.

Morning Stroll

By John Moffitt

WATCHING you walk head down
Under the flowering tree,
Under the petal-starred
Branches, O man in the gray
Unattractive garb
Of the Electric Company,
I wonder why you came
Into the park at all,
Taking such needless chances
Of being spied upon
While you should have been ringing
Bells and checking meters
Or, like some obedient mole,
Ferreting ill-kept cellars
For faulty water-heaters.

And even if you aren't really
Stealing a truant stroll
In hope of somehow soothing
Your halfway desperate soul,
But simply were sent to inspect
A park light's desecration
Or pay a service call
At the near-by power station,
Wouldn't a man, I wonder,
As a routine precaution
Likely raise his head
And glance up toward a tree
Just once, as he shuffled by,
For fear a blossomy twig
Might jab him in the eye?

Christoforo Colombo

By Robert A. Wallace

CONFRONTED with the final sunlit act.
Gold, parrots, islands of brightest wilderness
Conspired proof of the mind's mastery. He was
World-finder, was dreamer with triumphant fact
Before his dreaming eyes, was yet dissatisfied,
Finding fact other than the dream—plied

Onward, seeking on each horizon's rim
Or round each fronded rocky shore to sight,
Full-rigged and in the wind, a shining fleet
Of royal junks coming out to welcome him
To a land of oriental sight and sound
He could not believe he had not found.

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Episodes from Two Saints

By Howard R. Webber

I. On Crowding Spirit Into Calipers

CARDINALS, harsh with crimson,
Pounced upon poor furry Brother Giles,
Of Francis' flock,
Like owls whose predatory nature
Hides behind a mask of blinking dignity.
They came with scalpel-tongues
To vivisect his soul,
That, probing, they might judge the order of its orthodoxy,
Assess the source of simple sanctity,
Whether from the Old Deceiver or the Savior
Older still, yet immutably new
As a thirteenth child.
Satan is an embroiderer who counterfeits
Diamond-excellence with masses of garish glass—
Simplicity is beyond the sleight of his hand.
Of this the cardinals, having no traffic with demons,
Still less with virtue,
Remained in pristine innocence
And pressed dear Brother Giles
To render up precise dimensions of his heart:
How wide the wisdom, how deep the love,
The linear extent of mercy.
He writhed, and gave the only response he knew:
"Boundless!"

II. On Humor as the Herald of Hope

TERESA of Avila, wrinkle-wimpled woman,
Went forth, as was her fashion,
To found a final convent—
Final convents snowed, alas, on Spain,
Which, dog-like, stretched a scrawny neck above the drifts,
Shook itself, and stared about,
Dismayed at Heaven's munificence.
Yet Spain retained a secret hope:
The body which long had borne
The sovereignty of monumental will
At last rebelled
And strewed the road with pain to trip on.
Then the elements conspiring, rain came
To quicken the sand of the solitary path,
Which strained to stuff its craw with virtue.
Teresa, like a swell-sailed schooner,
Did not cease to plough a wake
Until she caught a toe upon a hidden log,
Improvidently showed her keel,
And sank.
A strenuous moment past, spluttering, she rose.
Despair was in the mud that clung to her.
"Oh Lord," she burst, "above all, this!"
The words of saints are heard and
He was moved to answer,
"Teresa, this is how I treat My friends."
Rock of her chin sundered by smiling,
Teresa shrugged the scum off
And launched herself anew,
Stubborn steps dashing Castilian earth to splashes.
"Perhaps," she murmured, "that is why
You have so few."

The Oyster

By John Holmes

ART is hard work and honesty
And understanding. And I don't care.
I had a dream once about my father.
I came into the kitchen, he stood there

Stirring an oyster stew on the stove.
Also he in canvas apron at the sink.
Also smiling in the middle of the room.
What could I do, what did I think?

Nothing. I think nothing at all.
Maybe I have three fathers. I don't know.
Some believe all poems are dreamed.
It's not that I give up people now.

The only people who make me laugh
Louder than dream-explainers can
Are interpreters of what the wish
For non-interpretation must mean.

I think that I've outlived thinking;
That all nine senses are one sense,
A wonderfully unnecessary to define
Vast dynamic indifference.

Art may be whatever artists say it is.
Maybe the poem is the poem's intent.
Let it happen to itself alone.
Dream may be all the dream meant.

It

(For S.L. and A.L., who think of writing)

By Richmond Lattimore

DO IT, then. If you do,
incontrovertibly know
the worst thing you have done
is the best thing under the sun
if it was written true,
if it was meant to be so.

Never write to please.

A poem is a not-yet.
Then, as you make it, forget
what you imagine to be
the critic who can't read,
the reader who can't see.

Make it alone for you
and yourself.

Choose
what you mean to do.
But that will be no use.
It will choose you.

You took no life of ease.

Think of the world when you
are in the world. If it will
the world will judge. When you write,
a blind maker, alone
in your individual night,
be steel, be stone.
The world may tear it from you
in its day, when you are through.
If not, you have made it still.

Despise temperament.
Beyond all else despise
the trick of lineament,
the look of the hair and eyes,
the professional veneer,
the Needs of your Career.
Poets as such are dull.
The poem is all.

Live only to understand
only the thing in your hand,
the sight that sticks in your eye,
the wish that sticks in your heart
and will not let you be
until it is made art.

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Bringing Mother Home

By Martha as told to Dorothy Rosenberg

The narrator of "Bringing Mother Home" is an old woman, half-Indian and half-Negro. She is literate to the extent of being able to sign her own name but for reasons of her own she has wished to sign only "Martha." Miss Rosenberg writes us that she not only set down the words exactly as they were told, but that when Martha repeated the story after a long interval the details and the wording of the retelling were almost identical with those of the version here set down. I am not sure that what follows is a poem in the most formal sense. Certainly, however, it is a rare example of a kind of folk-telling so charged and so self-formed in the telling as to suggest the very roots of poetry. We at SR *have found Martha's story unforgettable. We think many readers will share our sense that Martha is an authentic and moving voice speaking the native matter of poetry.* —J. C.

I WENT to Louisiana to get my mother (that's
where she was at)
The twenty-third of December.
(That was my borned state. I left there when
I was seventeen.)
And when I got there she didn't know me.
She had to look at me a long time.
But she come to remember; she finally come to:
She said, "This is *Martha.*
Martha?" she says, "Is this you?"
So my brother he come from New York.
He got there on the twenty-fourth of December.
(He has two chuldren and a wife),
And so they said, "We come after you mama,
That's what we come for."
But she didn't want to go with them,
And I didn't want her to, because
They had little chuldren and his wife couldn't—
you know—
Take care of all.
So we carried her to a doctor—Dr. King,
And he give her some examines
And he said she was a mentality case.
He told me, "Don't leave her. Stay with her."
I stayed with her 'til February,
Just me alone.

She would go out of the house and walk
In the rain and I would follow close behind—
To see would she know the way back.
A lot of times she wouldn't know where she was going.
I would come up beside her and she would look at me
And say, "Martha, *where* we going?"
"Where *you* going?" "I do'know." "Then le's go home."

Then she agreed to come back to California with me.
She agreed to. So, on the seventeenth of February,

We left in a car. But we got to the place where
she wouldn't
Stay in the car no more. She would ask for the key until
We had to give it to her (Can't drive no more
without the key).
Then she would get out and walk; so
I would walk too, until she was tired.
I couldn't get her to eat, not anything.
So, come to El Paso, Texas, I put her in the hospital
For five days. I asked the doctor there,
Could she take a plane or a train to California,
Or could she make it in a car. He said, "She can."

We got as far as Fresno, and rainin'!
It rained so hard the windshield wiper
Couldn't make it. Mama was laughin' and
Talkin', so I said "Mama's better. I'm glad
I had her in the hospital."
Then we went into a gas station
And all of a sudden Mama said to me,
"Martha, look at me. I'm as *white*. I'm as white as that
white man standing over there."
So then I knew she was very sick.
We carried her to the hospital.
The lady there, she said "This is a payin' hospital."
I said, "That's all right, if you can do her some good."
The doctor, he gave her a injection, and then,
Just like that, she died.

Well, I mean
I would'uv stayed there in El Paso with her.
I asked the doctor "Can she make it?"
And he said, "She can."
I told them all, "I kin keep my mother. I kin keep her."
I wasn't thinking of no money. I didn't care.
I was thinking how to keep my mother.

Boy

By Harold Witt

COMEDIAN of love, my wind willed boy has entered
the bees' abode, the danger yard of roses
his second spring to toedance with the wasps.
Now apple boughs explode their buds of odor;
like emerald toys the leafy guns go off.

A hush of thrushes cautious in acacias
eyes him sidewise, turns on instinct strings,
twitching censure, arrives at some decision—
outmoded parents imprisoned in their wings.
But, small individual, he will seize the sun

from puddles and ring the calla bells although
their only music is a thud of moisture,
taste oozing snail and raw butterfly
until, in liberal morning, a stern conservative,
the tamest cats are tigers to his touch.

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Keeping the Powder Dry

IN A DECADE in which the outer world is apparently plunging into violence and anarchy American literature has achieved during the last five years a remarkable balance. Many of the young men who wrote their novels after the Second World War discovered they were at the end of the road and plunged into despair. Never in so brief a time were so many creative talents destroyed by the conception that there was nothing to write about but violence and sex. John W. Aldridge in his preface to "After the Lost Generation," published five years ago, wrote that the writers he celebrated had inherited a world not only without values, but without a belief in the dignity and goodness of man. They were chroniclers of disaster dedicated to a cynical lack of faith that life has meaning. In John Horne Burns's "The Gallery," in which Naples was the scene of amorous carnage, there was a tragic sense of pity shown for the soldiers' victims. In Robert Lowry's "The Wolf That Fed Upon Us" there was neither pity nor terror, only a repetition of the same sordid quests. In Tennessee Williams's only novel, "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," a great and outdated American actress threw herself into the arms of a filthy beggar. When normal if fugitive sexual relations lost their power to entertain the reader, they were transmuted to perversions tinged with sadism, but the conception that a new literature could be built on violence and lust at last disappeared.

It is a demonstrable fact that for the intellectual as well as the novelist the last five years have altered the entire aspect of the United States. If there was a spirit of rebellion in the Twenties and early Thirties, it has today almost disappeared. "The cultural life of the Fifties is very different," Granville Hicks writes in *The American Scholar*, "and *dreary* is a possible word for it. A sign of the times is the fact that a fairly large number of intellectuals, some of them on the youngish side, call themselves conservatives, whereas in the Twenties, at least until the brief upsurge of humanism at the end of the decade, they seemed to be upholding a lost cause." The main reasons are the obvious ones. The Cold War has taught the majority of intellectuals to measure American civilization, not by an absolute standard, but in comparison with Soviet Communism. It is obvious to any thoughtful American that the country is prosperous, that segregation in the South is slowly losing its appeal, that we produce more goods than ever before, that labor is protected, and that almost all of the justified complaints of the Twenties have been eradicated. It is also obvious that while as a whole we recognize the danger of war there is no hysteria abroad in the country.

The dyed-in-the-wool conservative may celebrate this benign and orderly moment in our history, but a more thoughtful man might wish for a few intelligent dissidents who, like Irving Howe in *Partisan Review*, complain that our intellectuals have become "responsible, moderate, and tame." They have a disease he calls conformity, which he feels is ravaging our culture. The only cure he can see lies in the spirit of rebellion. When he contemplates the contemporary placid American scene he is filled with disgust.

It may seem that this is not the right moment for complacency; but complacency is better than hysteria. Actually, the issues of war or peace are so complex that it is difficult for the average man and woman to understand them. Though the uneasy balance of power has endured for more than a decade, this vital and dramatic subject has not been used by our novelists. Nor have they been able to dramatize our involvement in the fears that oppress the world. Instead, they have gently satirized the development of business and advertising; for example, "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit." Reinhold Niebuhr says that "the enjoyment of domestic security and growing justice formed a paradise suspended in a hell of international insecurity." He seems to be astonished that the contrast between the domestic and the international situation should not alone have been sufficient to prompt a national case of collective schizophrenia. He adds that we have suffered the fate of experiencing impotence, a device rarely used by novelists, in the control of historical destiny at the precise moment when we seemed to have more power than any other nation in world history.

The latest list of best-sellers, both novels and non-fiction, proves that we are on the whole indifferent to newspaper headlines and that we are not living in terror of the future. In Revolutionary days they said "keep your powder dry!" In seventeen best-selling novels ranging from "Don't Go Near the Water" to "A Certain Smile" and "Auntie Mame" there are only two dealing with war: Frank Yerby's "Captain Rebel" and MacKinlay Kantor's "Andersonville." In eighteen non-fiction titles there is only one war book, Bruce Catton's "This Hallowed Ground." Not one of these excellent books would arouse the baser instincts of anyone, or would lead anyone to commit mayhem, or would send anyone to the hospital with a bad case of schizophrenia. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ELECTORS VINDICATED

In his letter (*SR* Nov. 17) R. P. Knuth attacks the Electoral College, which, he says, "has [stolen] and may again steal the Presidency from the majority candidate." These are harsh words, but express a view which is rather widely held. I think a correction is in order.

The fact is that only one candidate winning a majority of the popular vote has ever failed to attain the Presidency. This was Tilden in 1876. To be sure, his majority was quite small (51 per cent) but I believe most students of the period are now agreed that, in spite of widespread frauds, Tilden was by rights the winner of the election. The ultimate contrary outcome was determined by Congress and the specially constituted Electoral Commission, which decided how the votes should be counted, and was not the fault of the Electoral College system.

Perhaps Mr. Knuth had in mind the two cases in our history when a candidate who had a plurality (not a majority) of the popular vote was not elected, namely 1824 and 1888. In the former case several states did not yet count the popular votes; but of those which were counted Jackson had a plurality of 43.1 per cent. The Electoral College made no choice at all, and the House of Representatives elected the President from among the three leading candidates nominated, as one might say, by the electors. When Adams was chosen Jackson's supporters, evidently agreeing with Mr. Knuth, charged that the election had been stolen from their man. However, Adams was duly elected in accordance with the provisions of the Twelfth Amendment, which does not allow election by a mere plurality, but required in this case the acquiescence of a majority of the states in the House.

In 1888 Cleveland had a plurality of about 100,000 (48.7 per cent in the popular vote, but Harrison had a majority of the electors; support given to some minor candidates prevented either man from obtaining a popular majority. This is the only occasion when a decision of this type was made by the Electoral College, and if it is the basis for Mr. Knuth's accusation it hardly seems to justify it. It is impossible to say, in this instance or in that of 1824, that any candidate was the unmistakable preference of the people or that the people's will was defeated, since there was no clearly expressed will.

The Electoral College has been much maligned. Its usual function has been to give emphasis to the victory won in the popular vote.

R. Whitney Tucker.

Herndon, Va.

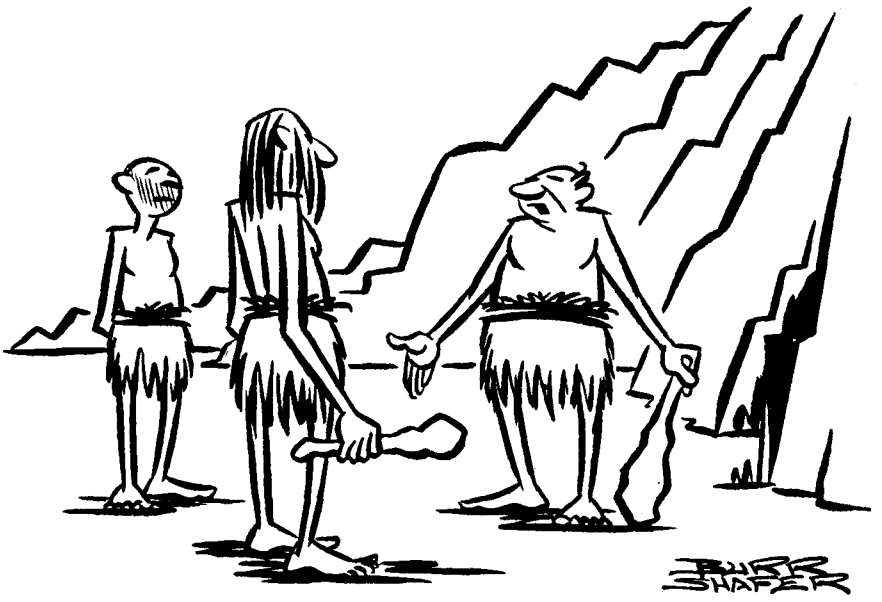
PUBLIC OR CRITICS?

In connection with Eric Bentley's comments on the reviews of my production of his "Orpheus in the Underworld" (*SR* Nov. 17) let me add that although "Orpheus" was panned unanimously by all the music critics, and in spite of a dull advance sale for the work, this production had seven sold-out performances. Seven performances of one work in one season is a great achievement, even at the Met.

"Susannah," which I also staged and produced, was a great "hit" with the music critics. Yet it found no audience, and Mr. Leinsdorf had to cancel a fourth performance. Now the question arises: Whom are we producing for, the public or the music critics? And if we assume the critics have better taste than the public, which critic should we listen to? It happens that not one reviewer agreed with the other on any of the other eight works we have produced.

Leo Kerz.

New York, N. Y.



Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"We'll never get anywhere by creating law—if people are going to eat each other they'll eat each other, that's all."

LIN TI STANDS ALONE

For some years Eric Bentley has eloquently and often perceptively told us what is wrong with the American theatre. Now Mr. Bentley's fellow critics have told Mr. Bentley what is wrong with his libretto for "Orpheus in the Underworld." As one of the premiere audience disappointed by the witless production of this work, I was grateful to the critics who so well expressed the sentiments of those of us who did not find phallic American "wit" adequate compensation for lack of style, lack of genuine humor, lack of imagination.

Mr. Bentley has labored diligently to raise the standards of theatre and of taste. Now, in a demonstration of the classic reaction of the biter bit, he has fallen back on the barren concept of public interest in the sensational in defense of his libretto. It is understandable if, as librettist, Mr. Bentley finds it gratifying that his "Orpheus" proved a greater box-office draw than, for instance, "Susannah." There is no doubt that his philosopher Lin Ti spoke for a great number of people in saying, "That's an opera I should very much like to see." If, however, Mr. Bentley is going to offer, as justification for inferior work, the "everyone hates it but the public" concept, it would seem that the next logical step for Mr. Bentley to take is the revision of his critical standards and, in the future, use only the philosophy of Lin Ti in offering his evaluations of theatre to us.

Paul A. Harris.

New York, N. Y.

INJUSTICE TO KIPLING

It grieves me to find my trusty and well-beloved *SR* giving currency twice in a few months (second time, *SR* Sept. 29) to one of the commonest errors of quotation of our time: to use Kipling's "East is East, and West is West" as a symbol of the eternal separation of East and West. Actually, Kipling went on to say, "But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth, when two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!" That is, Kipling said just the opposite of what ninety-nine people out of 100 think he said. The persistence of the misquotation is unjust to Kipling's philosophy as well as modern friendship between East and West.

Alan Mulgan.

Wellington, New Zealand.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Four Artists in Search of Themselves

"Cranks" is the best revue New York has had in many seasons. This British import shoves off unspectacularly with a quartet of performers out on an owl-and-pussycat voyage through disconnected fragments of nonsense. However, not more than three numbers have elapsed before one realizes that "Cranks" is not the usual revue which merely strings together assorted songs and skits, but rather a concerted effort to explore human phobias and manias in much the same way as does the good modern painter, writer, and dancer. Frightening expressions of human insecurity include a nightmare in which individuals turn into bats; an elegy for a dearly departed interrupted with occasional admissions of interest in the will he left behind; and a possessive girl's outcry to find out if her lover will be hers ending in a symbolic expression of the emptiness of her conquest. More humorous expressions of other human weaknesses are contained in other fragments. One scene in a waiting room catches the essential incongruity of the alternating public and private behavior that goes on in such places. Another presents some hilarious hallucinations with a pair of gloves coming alive. And to roll the audience in the aisles there is a little item in which Anthony Newley becomes curious about a mysterious wrapped parcel and a protruding piece of red yarn. Mr. Newley's subtle facial expressions and his slightly mad reactions to conventional situations mark him as a performer with the potential of an Alec Guinness. The young comedian also shines as a megalomaniac boy who mistreats a girl as if he were God's gift to women, is unforgettably grotesque in a song called "Cold Comfort," and amusingly pathetic as a man being mummified with gauze bandage as he sings a ridiculous, romantic song.

As the lone girl in the company, Annie Ross is the soul of seductivity playing the "blue" girl who softly and deliberately states, "I do the thing that's left unsaid, and I can do it on my head." Hugh Bryant is a more citified version of Harry Belafonte as he sings with contagious sadness in remembrance of things past. And Gilbert Vernon, an agreeable young dancer, completes the company.

For ensemble work, although most numbers involve the entire cast, two numbers are outstanding. These are a Sitwellesque spoof titled "Metamorphosis" and a riotous "Telephone Tango" which kids the "What Lola Wants, Lola Gets" sort of thing.

I'm afraid there doesn't breathe a revue with soul so everlastingly alive that you don't glance at the program to find out how many numbers there are left, and this is almost certain to be the case with "Cranks." But though occasional numbers seem remote, there are none that are not performed with the utmost discipline and that sense of completion that distinguishes art from trash. Indeed, "Cranks" should please all those who were excited about "Waiting for Godot." Like that play, it dwells on the planes of surrealism and dadaism. But, unlike that play, it does not exasperate us by seeming to reach for some mysterious significance that does not quite work out. Furthermore, even on the level of straight revue technique John Addison's music remains haunting and John Cranko's lyrics flirt with good Cole Porter. But if you are willing to dig "Cranks" on its own terms it joins "Saint Joan," "Separate Tables," and "Long Day's Journey Into Night" on the small list of "not-to-be-missed-under-any-circumstances" attractions of the new season.

THOUGH inept by comparison, **"Shoestring '57"** is really an above-average revue. It contains an amusing topical skit about our Ambassadress to Rome suffering from arsenic poisoning in a room painted by Helen Gahagan Douglas; another in which La Goulue laments "It's easy to lose Toulouse-Lautrec"; a sketch by E. B. White in which Tennessee Williams is referred to as "the Oscar Wilde of the Delta"; and one excellent pathological examination of the cliches of Greenwich Village romance. Its most gifted comedienne turns out to be Dody Goodman, who is excruciatingly funny as a clubwoman naively introducing an event. The event is Dorothy Greener burlesquing Marcel Marceau, which is fairly hilarious in its own right. A first-act finale demonstrates how much laughter can be milked out of a situation like a door becoming jammed in the middle of a romantic opera. With a little more discipline, integration, and imaginative developing of material beyond its initial impact, "Shoestrings" could become annual bargains. —Henry Hewes.

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The Challenging Mr. Heffner

TELEVISION viewers in the Greater New York area will have the opportunity January 12, 1957, to see a discussion of homosexuality on "The Open Mind," a program series presented by WRCA-TV. Dr. Margaret Mead, noted anthropologist and president of the World Federation for Mental Health, will talk with Max Lerner, author and *New York Post* commentator, about the homosexual patterns in our society. Richard D. Heffner, the producer of the program, will be the moderator.

Dr. Kinsey has asserted that only 4 per cent of our male population is overtly homosexual, and no one can identify any significant public damage resulting from this practising fraction. But the social scientists tell us also that there is considerable confusion about the male and female roles in our culture. Thus, any responsible television talk on the matter is all to the good. Margaret Mead and Max Lerner may be counted on to be listenable and provocative on the subject.

There is more to this program, though, than the promise of an entertaining and useful TV experience. The January 12 broadcast will be the third which "The Open Mind" has devoted to homosexuality. The first two discussions were presented last August —and between the first and the second there was a sudden test of the strength of NBC's public-affairs principles which the network met courageously and for which it ought to be congratulated. Certain influential individuals purporting to speak for large groups brought considerable pressure to bear on WRCA-TV to have the second broadcast canceled. They said they were outraged by the first program and argued that homosexuality should be dealt with *exclusively* by private agencies.

The producer of "The Open Mind," who is also supervisor of WRCA's Public Affairs programs, spent "an uncomfortable six or seven hours" while his station's policy arbiters wrestled with their convictions and their sensitivity to what is euphemistically known as "substantial audience segment bias." In the end, however, his superiors supported Heffner and the second broadcast went on.

Projected TV dramas have been falling like stricken flies all over Madison Avenue this autumn, swatted by overtimid sponsors who are afraid of the shadow of the fear of their shadow. One sponsor turned down a drama planned on the Poznan riots in Poland. Another "nixed" (according to a dispatch from Hollywood in *Variety*) a TV version of "The Male Animal," in which the leading character reads from the Sacco-Vanzetti papers wherein the radicals expound their philosophy. A leading hour dramatic series shook up its entire production team recently as a result of disagreement between the producers, who want to do more "adult" material, and the sponsor, who thinks such material wins poor ratings or makes bad product relations. A successful stand for the discussion of homosexuality in TV's Fearland is something to cheer about in this sad state of affairs.

Richard Heffner, the producer of "The Open Mind," is a former professor of history who wants to be a TV commentator. But commentator roles are difficult to come by on TV, so this young man has wisely pyramided several historical interest shows in the past two years to his present position as moderator of a discussion program. From this eminence he practises his gift for shaping up contemporary issues in their historical perspective through his choice of discussion subjects and guests.

Discussion programs are low man on the TV budget. You generally get your guests free or for a nominal fee, but also you generally pay a high cost in "expertitis." This is a malady which afflicts all professional representatives of vested interest groups—cultural, political, medical, or what have you. The outward symptoms are familiar, overworked generalities and platitudes accompanied by a reluctance to face up to specifics which would offend any brother professionals. Such evasion drives away even converts who seek out the program; nor does it hold stray non-initiates who accidentally tune in. When you are lucky or shrewd enough, however, to enlist professionals who are willing to face up to their own biases, then you get interesting TV discussion. The upcoming January 12 program on "The Open Mind," featuring Max Lerner and Margaret Mead on the more general implications of homosexuality, promises to be such a discussion.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Quarterly FALL 1956 · VOL. 1, NO. 1.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Louis Kentner, Jonas—Bhaskar

THIS was the week for New Yorkers to become acquainted with pianist Louis Kentner, a British subject of Hungarian birth who made his United States debut in Town Hall after earlier appearances in Canada. That Kentner would play well was to be anticipated, for he has enjoyed high rank in England since becoming a citizen in the Thirties. The question was, rather, how well he would play, and the answer would have to be: very well.

In working his way through a program that began with Liszt's elaborate treatment of Bach's "Weinen klagen," proceeded with two Beethoven sonatas (the early A major, Op. 2, and the F minor, Op. 57), digressed to Bartok ("For Children") and Kodaly ("Dances of Marosszek") before returning to the pianistic high road with the Op. 25 etudes of Chopin, Kentner demonstrated solid qualities of artistry, musical probity, and more than a little of the communicative ability without which other elements are non-consequential.

The experience, then, is that of listening to a man playing Bach-Liszt, or Beethoven, or Bartok confident that he will find his way to the pianistic means necessary for the musical end. On occasion, the means were not so readily to hand that Kentner could go all out for ultimate musical effect, as in the finale of the "Appassionata," where the propulsion of the thought seemed arrested by the need to make sure of pianistic ground under the running hands. However, it was a performance otherwise all of a piece, and the piece was Beethoven's "Appassionata" and no mistake. He reached a high point of artistry in the Bartok (for which his sympathy was unmistakable), especially in an artfully contrived imitation of bagpipes in the concluding "Swineherd's Dance." Kentner has been an inordinately long time in coming to America (he is now fifty-one), but it is probable that we and he are going to see a lot of each other within the next few years.

Maryla Jonas's return to Carnegie Hall after a near-miraculous recovery from a blood ailment was productive of gratifying but also disquieting results. Her mechanical faculties seemed to be unimpaired despite her five years' absence, which means that she often plays the piano with a rare sense of communion and beauty of sound. It was evident, too, that playing again in public was something of an ordeal, especially in the first half of the program, devoted to Mozart. Together with some lovely feats of dexterity were lapses of memory, curtailment of one piece (Rondo in D), and the omission of the finale from the sonata in A minor (K 310), which concluded the group. Under the circumstances any comments on other phases of the effort would be gratuitous.

To her considerable credit, Miss Jonas returned after the intermission to perform a second half of Chopin with rich sound, much expressiveness, and the kind of affinity for this composer which had contributed to her reptuation. A posthumous mazurka, two waltzes in A flat and E flat, and a "Souvenir de Paganini" were noted as "first performances." However, some symptoms of the same kind of distress showed themselves as the platform-demands accumulated.

MINUS Pierre Monteux as conductor and Roberta Peters, Rise Stevens, and Martial Singher from the cast, this year's first "Tales of Hoffmann" at the Metropolitan was hardly told with the same savor and style it had been last year. Nobody would reasonably expect Thomas Schippers to preside over the pit and stage with the plump authority of Monteux, and perhaps it is remarkable that he does as well as he does. But that, unfortunately, is a little shapeless and of insufficient character to give this score its approximate due.

Thanks to the ever solid Richard Tucker as Hoffmann and his faithful attendant Nicklaus as portrayed by Mildred Miller, Cyril Ritchard's production retained some familiar aspects. However, George London brought along a dramatic vocabulary of his own to perform the four baritone parts (Lindorf, Coppelius, Dappertutto, and Dr. Miracle) for the first time, with vocal vigor and dramatic effect if with little of the point conveyed by Singher. Anything resembling a figure of fantasy is accidental in London's evocation of Lon Chaney, who once played "The Phantom of the Opera." Too much makeup, too much facial contortion, and too little suggestion of the supernatural left London's characterizations mostly surface greasepaint and false whiskers. However, his "Scintille diamant" was impressively sung.

Belen Amparan, a mezzo of Mexican background and Italian operatic experience, made a commendable debut as Giulietta. A pleasant-looking woman with a voice of substance in the middle range and a little hard above, Miss Amparan neither exhilarated nor depressed with her effort. She is a little stocky for the costume designed for Rise Stevens, but she carries herself well, with a suggestion of dramatic promise. Otherwise the loves of Hoffmann were played by Laurel Hurley, an Olympia of accurate, rather metallic vocal quality, and Lucine Amara, again Antonia. Altogether, Offenbach's sparkling score and Rolf Gerard's colorful designs merited something more than this unequal treatment.

The first Mozart offering of the season, under Max Rudolf's direction, was "The Marriage of Figaro" in much the same manner as last season. That is to say, in a staging by Herbert Graf which leaves scarcely any musical detail unaccompanied by an action on stage, relevant or otherwise. After some twenty-five years of producing "Figaro" here and abroad, Graf has found something for the performers to do for every flourish and caper in the score. It would be a happy thing, one day, for New York and Salzburg to have Mozart's "Figaro" again rather than Graf's.

It may seem merely whimsical to complain about so carefully worked-out a production, when complaints are regularly entered about productions not carefully worked out. But in operas, as in edibles, overdone may be as harmful to taste as underdone. The time has come—to judge from some barren patches in the seats and standing room—for the Metropolitan to reconsider its "Figaro" and also to restudy it. Vocally, there is much to be said for a cast that offers such excellent performers as Hilde Gueden (Susanna), Lisa della Casa (Countess), and Mildred Miller (Cherubino), with Cesare Siepi as Figaro and Martial Singher as the Count. But there should be a little latitude for impulse in a conception that has now become something of a puppet play. Rudolf's meticulous direction conformed to the ground plan drawn by Graf.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

LATE November introduced Bhaskar and his company to the Brooklyn Academy of Music as the first of its now well-known series "The World in Dance." The event was notable for a number of reasons. First, it marked the formal debut in America of one of India's more gifted, young dancers. Less important, perhaps, was the fact that Bhaskar played to a full house. Possibly more important to the world of dance here was the public proof offered by this recital that in New York (and Brooklyn) there is now a

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body of foreigners who have, if not mastered, at least learned most ably the intricacies of some of India's most complicated dance movements.

Bhaskar was the only Indian in his troupe. The rest of the personnel was American. Most noteworthy of these was Sasha, Bhaskar's partner. The vogue for Indian dance has been growing steadily in America ever since the days of Uday Shankar's first tour here. There have also been teachers like La Meri, Gina, and a number of other non-Indians who, despite the considerable odds of poor attendance and indifference, have continued to study and train within the scope of an alien art. I think it can now be safely said that there is a large number of American dancers who are capable of coping with the Indian idiom without discrediting the mother-source.

Bhaskar, of course, is the star and chief attraction of the troupe, and his dances affected the spectators more deeply than did any of the others. Bhaskar is exceedingly popular in India—in Bombay, in Calcutta, in Madras—where he dances under the name of Roy Choudry. He is the son of the distinguished head of the Fine Arts Department at Madras University, one of the finest institutions of learning in the country. He also has enviable advantages for a dancer: a perfect body, extreme youth, handsome looks, and a modesty that brings out in his dance a sense of sincerity and dedication.

He began his professional life as a boxer, and he even carries a scar or two as souvenir of those days. As a result of this mixture of sport and art, of background and youth, Bhaskar has brought into his dance an element long since forgotten in Indian circles—that of athletics or acrobatics. He can extend his leg at will, he can collapse his body in a perfect arc and hold the pose indefinitely, he can balance on his knees and touch the back of his head with the soles of his feet. In fact, the open, almost blatant pyrotechnics and virtuosity that we in the West associate with the ballet dancer's leg extensions and fouettés are present in their own way in Bhaskar's dancing. All of this may sound meretricious, but it has its value and place in art. The result is a rewarding and pleasant evening of dance.

Bhaskar and his troupe, despite deplorable lighting effects and an irritating voice which explained the very elementary stories before each dance, appeared to captivate a surprisingly large audience. His popularity here in America is destined to increase, and more and more converts to the far-away art of Indian dance can be expected with confidence.

—Faubion Bowers.

The Arts

Continued from page 16

son than in that of architectural photography. It is the addition of this time-dimension to the timelessness of the buildings themselves that is Mr. Szarkowski's greatest achievement. There is the gaunt derelict in a littered New York side-street with the Bayard Building in the background; the two hard-mouth businessmen yelling over the noisy traffic, the powerful entrance-arch of the Chicago Stock Exchange across the street; robust open-faced farmers in the lobby of the National Farmers Bank in Owatonna, Minn.; and sometimes there are only blurred figures in motion.

Out of all this the "idea" of Louis Henry Sullivan seems finally to emerge: not the debatable one that form is always the result of function, but the wider one that buildings—as Mr. Szarkowski brings out in his foreword—are not only art-facts, they are also life-facts.

Camera's Birth

"L. J. M. Daguerre: The World's First Photographer," by Helmut and Alison Gernsheim *(World. 216 pp. 117 illus. $7.50), is the first biography ever published of the trail-blazing Frenchman. Beaumont Newhall, our reviewer, is director of George Eastman House, the museum of photography at Rochester, N. Y.*

By Beaumont Newhall

ALTHOUGH photography has grown to be one of the most important means of communication of our age relatively scant attention has been paid to its history. Helmut and Alison Gernsheim's book "L. J. M. Daguerre: The World's First Photographer" is, surprisingly, the first biography to appear in English of either of the two great innovators, Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre and his English contemporary, William Henry Fox Talbot. It is to be hoped that this excellent study of Daguerre and the daguerreotype will be followed by an equally well-documented and thorough book on Talbot and the talbotype.

Daguerre was a painter who specialized in the most illusionistic type of stage sets. In 1822 he opened an amusement place in Paris in partnership with the painter Charles-Marie Bouton which was called the Diorama—the first of the endless variations of the Panorama, which it resembled. But instead of being surrounded by a circular mural painting visitors to the Diorama saw behind a proscenium a huge painting, 71½x 45½ feet in size, which magically changed before their eyes. The Gernsheims' account of this spectacular showplace and of the similar establishments in other countries is an important contribution to art history.

Sometime around 1824 Daguerre began the researches which culminated in the photographic process that was to bear his name. Along the way he came in contact with a fellow countryman, Nicéphore Niépce, who had independently started work along the same lines. In 1826 he made a picture of sorts on a metal plate (the precious original was lost for years, until the Gernsheims after a painstaking search added it to their outstanding collection). The picture, the world's first photograph, was a failure, for the exposure stretched over an eight-hour period—so long that the shadows moved around the buildings portrayed, completely destroying the illusionistic quality. Shortly after producing this "heliograph" Niépce joined Daguerre in a partnership which was interrupted only by his death. Daguerre went on alone, and in 1839 his own process, the daguerreotype, was purchased from him by the French Government and given free to the world.

Photographic historians have argued over the relative importance of the inventions of these two Frenchmen. The Gernsheims wisely conclude that each should be given credit: "Nicéphore Niépce is the discoverer of photography, and Daguerre the inventor of the first practicable process."

The last half of the book is taken up with an account of the history of Daguerre's invention in France, America, England, and the German-speaking countries. The process traveled across the Atlantic with incredible speed. On September 16 less than a month after the success of the project was announced in Europe, a daguerreotype was taken by a certain D. W. Seager, of whom we know nothing more than that he was the first American to use a camera. Americans developed the art to a degree of technical perfection beyond that of any other country. The United States display at the Crystal Palace exposition of 1851 was considered the best, and studios were opened in London and Paris which boasted that they used "The American Process."

The Gernsheims' book should interest art historians, photographers, and especially the small but growing group of photographic historians.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Redcoats Have Been Coming

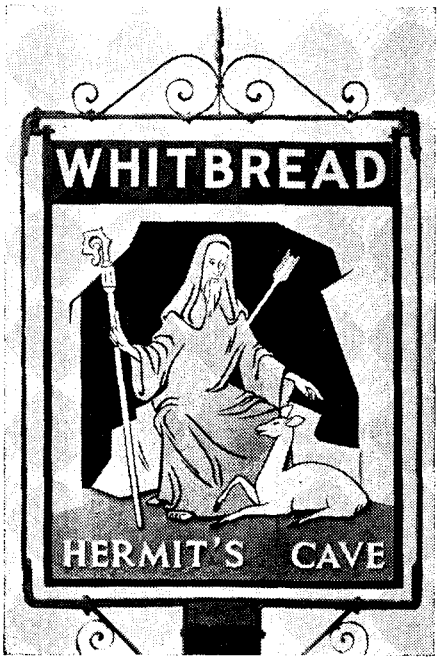
THERE has been an absolute parade of Englishmen through our office to talk on all manner of things that they would have us bring to your attention. For one thing, we have been entertaining Mr. Geoffrey Cross, or he us. Mr. Cross, who is a horsey type, arrived equipped with an enviable reddish mustache, a black suit, brown suede shoes, and a number of accreditations from the Curragh Bloodstock Agency and the Household Brigade Polo Club (of which the Duke of Edinburgh is president).

Mr. Cross had just come up from the race course at Laurel in Maryland, and of it he said, "I was terribly amused at Laurel. I was standing between two absolutely enormous fellows who were rooting for Mr. Gus and as he came around the last turn they shouted the most astounding things. I can't imagine the crowd at Ascot letting themselves go quite like that. We do take our racing very quietly, I fear."

That led us to extracting some hints and tips for Americans bound for Britain next spring. Anybody desirous of viewing Ascot from the Royal Enclosure, for instance, must make application through the embassy in London and be prepared to show up in morning clothes with a gray or black top hat. Uniforms are permitted and that includes national costumes, such as a Zanzibar chieftain. A U.S. Indian dressed up as chieftain might prove a sticky wicket. Used to be that divorced persons were not allowed in the Royal Enclosure and, although that rule has been relaxed, ladies may not smoke within the regal precincts.

"If the Queen has a winnah," quoth Mr. Cross, "there follows a terrific demonstration of excitement, but our crowd is still perhaps, ah, not so demonstrative as yours. For one thing, with a top hat on the head, an umbrella on the arm, your arms up to hold your glahsses, you haven't got the chance to jump up and down."

Of course, all that dress is only for some tracks. The rule is rigid for Ascot, and at Epsom one dresses as at Ascot. Everybody got that? At Newmarket, the home of British racing, men needn't wear toppers but a bowler is *de rigueur*. At Goodwood in Sussex, known also as Glorious Goodwood, says Mr. Cross, "I wear any old thing. I go in something like I am in now."



English pub sign—"Englishmen make more use of their pubs."

Cricket, Cross cautioned, is taken very seriously too, especially when playing Australia for the ashes. It is a good rule of thumb only to shout when: somebody is bowled, when somebody has been caught out, or is LBW (leg before the wicket), or if the batsman scores a brilliant four, which is a boundary. Any questions?

It's morning clothes and top hats, men, for the Eton-Harrow match held at Lord's Cricket Ground, and that goes for the dress of the boys at both schools, too. Coming at the end of July it is sort of a social occasion to which one may bring a hamper of sandwiches and champagne.

NOW, in the matter of terminology, hunters in England never say, "I went hunting quail yesterday." "We only go fox hunting," explained Mr. Cross, "or hunting hare, which is in fact called beagling. We 'hunt' otter and badger, but we 'shoot' all birds. Deer hunting is called deer stalking, for which one wears a deer stalker's hat. You know, the type made popular by Sherlock Holmes.

"Our biggest regattah is at Henley. You always send an eight ovah. Prince town has been ovah. You have sent some famous scullehs. This chap Kelleh. You'll see gentlemen from 100 to twenty-two dressed in exactly the same clothes: a college blazer, an old school tie, and a straw boatah with the old college colors. The ladies wear gay gowns and picture hats."

Mr. Cross said he'd gotten a chance to see an American football game and wasn't a bit appalled at our autumn customs. "If I go to Twickenham for the day I always have a flahsk in my pocket. That's the absolute center of rugby football, Twickenham. I carry a blanket and a cushion as well. We have no cheerleaders bounding about. No, that's completely undone. The only music is rather sedate. It is played before the game starts and during the interval. Favors are always on sale. A big rosette with colors of the countries playing. The biggest college match is the Varsity between Oxford and Cambridge. It's the first or second chewsday in Decembah. There's no huckstering while the match is in progress, that's one thing."

WE LEARNED all about English pubs from Fred and Kathleen Esgen who are publican and—blimey! we forgot to ask what a she-publican is called—of the Sussex Tavern in Streatham, which we will thank everybody to pronounce *stretem*. "We serve everything including shorts, like gin and whiskey," the publican said, "and we serve Whitbread's beer, one of the four national beers." "It's a lovely beer," said Mrs. Esgen of Whitbread's, which had sent them over to the U.S. to spread the fame of pubs, publicans, and pails of ale (especially Whitbread's). The other three national beers, those sold all over Britain, that is, are Guinness, Bass, and Ind, Coope, and Alsop. The I., C., and A. people, "they do a double diamond which is sold throughout the country. It's the mark of a stronger beer, a double diamond is, the name of a light ale." There is nothing that confuses us more than nomenclature of British beers unless it is nomenclature in British cricket, so we took the conversation around to what makes pubs different than bars.

"In England everything revolves about its local," the visting publican said. "The publican will greet regular patrons by name." "It's very matey," chimed in Mrs. publican. "It's homely and personal. Whenever we get a traveler in we always introduce him 'round right away. We have the family trade and the families count on the governor and the missus to stand by them. If the daughter is going to have a twenty-first birthday we do the lunch, we do the flowers, and have the party right in our local."

Mr. Esgen, who finds our bars devoid of atmosphere and community spirit, said that the Sussex Tavern fields a men's darts team, a ladies'

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larts team ("finest in South London"), a cricket team, and football eam. "The customers have formed a :ricket club called the Graverny Athletic Club, and they wear blue blazers. The emblem is six Sussex nartlets, an extinct bird formerly 'ound in Sussex County. The climate was not too good for them."

Englishmen make more use of their pubs than Americans do of their bars. 'A local man would come in during the morning," said Mr. Esgen, "and again in the evening. A shopkeeper would certainly come to see me for a couple of beers and a sandwich in the morning—we open at 11. We actually do all types of food—steak and kidney pie, lobsters, oysters, crabs. A lot of business is done in the pubs, especially in the mornings. Our beer gets 'em going quicker than yours. Our beer makes you buy the car perhaps you didn't want. We don't ice the beer, we keep it at cellar temperature. We are accustomed to drinking it at sixty degrees. You are accustomed to drinking it at forty degrees. We don't really serve *warm* beer. The G.I.s got that notion during the war when all the windows were closed because of the blackout and *everything* was warm.

"We've got some strange names for drinks in England. A pig's ear is a beer, a wallop is a glass of ale. They come in and ask for ''arf a wallop.' Then there's the dog's nose, which is beer and gin. Shocking drink, that. A man who drinks too much is said to be sliced, or tippled, or three parts cut.

"One thing we've noticed about your bars is that you've got jolly good double sinks of stainless steel. We can't take those back with us because they're a frightful expense. But we're going to try to do your toasted sandwiches. Tell you what's a popular dish in England, is baby's head. It's an individual steak-and-kidney pie with an oyster just on top of it. Very popular with the rugby players, that. Then there's toad-in-the-hole, which is just sausages in Yorkshire pudding, and spotted dog, that's a roly-poly pudding, a suety pudding with currants, sultaners—that's raisins—and mixed spice and peel. You know what peel is? Peel is orange and lemon rind crystallized in sugar. Pour custard over it and golden syrup. Businessmen just love it because it fills them up." —Horace Sutton.

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Traveler's Tale

MATTA HARI IN AFRICA: Rarely is a travel adventure as spellbinding as Margaret Ryan's **"African Hayride"** (Rand McNally, $3.50). It is a bumpy, wild, and frequently hazardous sightseeing tour of twelve African countries in a specially-built Italian car which was affectionately nicknamed *Matta Hari* (Mrs. Ryan's spelling). When Mrs. Ryan wasn't searching for excitement, it managed to find her.

Traveling with Chico, who had driven her on many previous trips, and Flicka, her beloved Boxer, Mrs. Ryan jolted along over 18,630 miles of African desert, jungle, and swampland. They were marooned for five weeks in the Sahara, ran a race with a brush-fire in French Equatorial Africa, and inadvertently camped in a prison compound in the Belgian Congo. Flicka died suddenly and quietly when they were embarking on a zigzag journey down the Congo River. Continuing to Portuguese West Africa, Mrs. Ryan, Chico, and a hitchhiker had a bout with three tsetse flies before reaching Luanda—"the surprise city of all the world." Later, she and Chico unknowingly pitched tent in the middle of a leopard and lion path.

The red carpet was rolled out when they visited diamond mines in Angola and, doubling back, the Belgian Congo. It was in the latter that they discovered they both had malaria. They drove through Mau Mau country in Kenya without incident, but in Tanganyika a Mau Mau bullet without warning pierced their windshield and missed Mrs. Ryan by four inches. Throughout, they participated in native festivals, nursed *Matta Hari* through countless breakdowns, and often shared rooms with lizards, rats, cockroaches, and occasionally bats. Finally, in Zanzibar, Mrs. Ryan lost her heart to the Sultan —and very nearly made us lose ours too.

Writing with wit and humor, she has given us one of those rare travel experiences which can be highly enjoyed vicariously. One, in fact, which is probably best enjoyed vicariously. —Joyce Jenkins.

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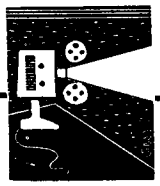

IDEAS ON FILM

A Good Year

ON THE face of it there seem to have been more advances in this year's 16mm releases than in any other single year. Most notably the gains are to be reckoned in the quality and number of films that are suitable for children (an advance that is long overdue), in the very fine film productions which were first shown on television or in theatres, and in the unexpected items that show up periodically out of the blue. Putting aside for future months what television and Hollywood are doing to enliven the nontheatrical field, I have rounded up some of the year's 16mm output that have made me content with my lot as a 16mm reviewer.

UPA PRODUCTIONS (each about 10 min., color). It's wonderful news that Columbia Pictures, through its subsidiary Screen Gems, is now making selected UPA cartoons available to 16mm commercial dealers who in turn are renting them to the public—you and me! This means that for a pittance you can lighten any program, at school, club, or home, with one or more of these frivolous colorful (and generally quite sophisticated) shorts. There are twelve titles to choose from. Recommended for all ages and inclinations are "Gerald McBoing Boing" and "Gerald McBoing Boing's Symphony," both about that delightful boy who doesn't speak words but says you-know-what instead. Then, depending on how you feel about Mr. Magoo, UPA's myopic and somewhat quixotic hero who thrives upon compounded catastrophes, you will or will not love "Bungled Bungalow," "Trouble Indemnity" and "Pink and Blue Blues." One of the most entertaining in the bunch is "Willie the Kid," a fast-moving Western that might take place in the mind and back yard of almost any American youngster you can think of. Children and adults will love it equally well, but for different reasons, alas.

"Family Circus" is excellent program material for PTA and mental health groups which are ready for a humorous look at sibling rivalry. "The Oompahs," a family of musical instruments whose youngest member becomes a jazz renegade, is mainly disappointing—as is the UPA version of the famous fairy tale called "The Emperor's New Clothes."

Leaving best to last, you must be sure to see UPA's lovely animation of Bemelmans's "Madeline," the story in verse of a line of little girls in a Paris boarding school. It's refreshing, witty, tender, whimsical, suspenseful, and delightful—and you should see it, whoever you are.

These 16mm UPA cartoons are available from a number of rental libraries; one which announces the complete collection is Cinema Guild, 10 Fiske Place, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

REINIGER SILHOUETTE FILMS (each about 10 min.). Another long-overdue addition to the 16mm scene is the collection of world-famous silhouette-animation stories which are the unique handwork of Lotte Reiniger in Europe. Six which are currently released here are meant for children, although adults in the crowd will probably be entranced by them. The titles are "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots," "Thumbelina," "The Gallant Little Tailor," "Hansel and Gretel," and "The Sleeping Beauty." Miss Reiniger's figures are delicate and feathery, and of necessity they are seen only in profile. But this seems to me more appropriate for fairy tales than re-enactments with "live" actors or even animated line drawings. Miss Reiniger, I feel, would have had the full approval of even the brothers Grimm.

Three of the films dating from the 1930s are suitable only for adults: "Papageno" (based on an episode from "The Magic Flute"), "Carmen" (a rather snappy version), and "Galathea" (the Pygmalion story in still another form).

All these Reiniger shorts are available for rental and purchase from Contemporary Films, 13 East 37th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

PICTURE BOOK PARADE SERIES (each about 10 min., in color or black-and-white). Modern story books come to life in this new series, which uses only the motion and detail of the camera and the voice and music of the sound track to make the transition from book to film. My favorite is Marcia Brown's "Stone Soup," a very wise story about three French soldiers who amaze the people of a small village by making soup out of stones—or so it seems. Running close behind, in order of my preference, are Wanda Gag's "Millions of Cats," Robert McCloskey's "Make Way for Ducklings," Marjorie Flack and Kurt Wiese's "Story About Ping," and James Daugherty's "Andy and the Lion"—all delightful excursions into the love of animals and humans. Hardie Gramatky's "Hercules" hits the spot with its nostalgia for the horse-drawn fire-engine, and Rex Parkins's "Red Carpet" is a fast-moving story about a runaway hotel rug. All the stories are distinguished among current literature for children; as motion pictures they are distinguished by a certain grace and charm, sincere faithfulness to the original stories and pictures, and a fairly quiet pace. The series is the brain-child of Morton Schindel, father of two youngsters, who produces and distributes the films (for rental and purchase) through his own company, Weston Woods Studios, Weston, Conn.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE (75 min.) The beauty and mystery of nature has been the theme of most of Arne Sucksdorff's short films, and it is again the theme of his first feature-length motion picture. Filmed in the woods, fields, and farm area not far from Sucksdorff's home near Stockholm, it opens with a treasury of details in the first light of a spring morning. The story is mostly the story of survival: The fox steals a chicken; the farmer shoots the fox; less agile animals fall prey to the lynx; old Emile the fisherman stalks a young otter (rival fisherman) which is saved by the farmer's adventurous young sons, then finally young Ottie deserts the boys and returns to his own life in the wilderness. But this is only an outline of the framework, and upon it Sucksdorff has composed a mosaic of details, bringing deep significance to every joining of images. The film's splendid sound track, made up of "live" sounds and an original musical score, is in total effect as crystal clear as the pictures are and nearly as penetrating. Narration is in American (as opposed to the British version which I saw first and which I much prefer), with a small amount of conversation spoken in Swedish.

"The Great Adventure" is something of a one man's family production, with Sucksdorff being credited as writer, photographer, director, editor, producer, and actor (the boys' father); his son Kjell played the role of the younger boy, and his brother-in-law Nils Gustaf Orn was assistant producer and sound director. The film will be treasured by many people for many years to come, and it is difficult to imagine anyone who would not find it a treat to see right now. For in this film the great adventure, the only adventure, is life itself, outlined by an exterior view of struggle, gaiety, and curiosity, and enriched by an inner feeling of sadness, reverence, and romance. I recommend seeing it not just once, but two or three times.

"The Great Adventure" is distributed for 16mm rental and purchase by Louis de Rochemont Associates Film Library, 13 East 37th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

Some time ago, in reviewing the newly released American versions of several of Sucksdorff's short films made by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, I stated that the "revised" editing had detracted from their value. In this I am told I was mistaken—the EBF releases are exact duplicates of the originals, image for image, sound for sound, note for note; the only difference is in the words, which in one or two instances make them seem to be different films.

HELEN KELLER IN HER STORY (45 min.) One of the year's surprises is this short feature biography of one of the world's most famous women. What might easily have been a tear-jerker, sentimental to say the least, turned out to be a straightforward, unembarrassing, and very moving film.

Her friend and companion Polly Thompson translates for us as Miss Keller explains that her great sorrow and disappointment in life is not being able to speak normally. "How much more good I could have done," she says, "if I had acquired normal speech."

Born in Alabama in 1880, Helen Keller was left blind and deaf as a result of illness at nineteen months. Until the age of seven her world was total darkness and utter silence. Then th pretty blonde child (as seen in an old photo graph) became the special pupil of Miss Ann Sullivan, who managed to teach words to Hele and who remained her teacher and companio until her death in 1936. At the age of te Helen had published a story in *St. Nichola Magazine*; at twenty-four, able to read an write five languages, she was graduated *cu laude* from Radcliffe College.

Then she bagan public life as a traveler lecturer; "bondage to the mail bag" brough Polly Thompson to join the team as secretary In 1919 Miss Keller appeared in a Hollywoo movie, and for two years she toured in vaude ville demonstrating how she learned to rea lips with her fingers and eventually to talk Newsreel clips show her with a host of famou people—Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt, Shaw and more recently with President Eisenhowe in the White House. At her Connecticut hom we see how her days are now spent with Poll Thompson, doing household chores, answerin letters (Miss Keller does her own typing), writ ing articles, and ending each day (as it wa begun) with reading from her Braille Bible.

This film won an Academy Award as the year's outstanding documentary, and now a a 16mm release it is winning high praise from reviewers and audiences everywhere. You'l have to remind yourself at the end of the film that the woman whose life you have been glimpsing is really deaf and blind—not merely someone who is quite awkward in her speech and movements. The film is an overwhelming tribute to what Miss Keller calls "the infinite capacity of hope."

"Helen Keller in Her Story" was produced by Nancy Hamilton, and is narrated by Katharine Cornell. It is available for rental and purchase from Louis de Rochemont Film Library, 13 E. 37th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

TO YOUR HEALTH (10 min., color). Alcohol and alcoholism are the subjects discussed in this educational cartoon created by the American animation artist Philip Stapp at Halas & Batchelor Studios in London for the World Health Organization. An ordinary good-time drinker asks himself why he drinks, how alcohol affects his body and brain, and what are the dangers of alcohol. Sensible answers are supplied by a doctor who explains that the drinking of alcoholic beverages dates back to age-old rituals and has remained (in some instances) a solemn matter, and that in contemporary society alcohol is generally taken for conviviality. Too much alcohol can dull the physical senses and reactions, and could (although it rarely does) cause death. Alcoholism is quite another matter.

Philip Stapp's animation and design are particularly colorful and intriguing, as they were in his earlier films, "Boundary Lines" and "Picture in Your Mind." Although the problems in "To Your Health" are presented only in general terms, they are drawn from solid substance. An added attraction is the visual punning which Mr. Stapp employs, whereby one image blends into the outlines of the succeeding image, and one background shifts to the next whenever a character conveniently turns his back. It keeps things moving nicely.

"To Your Health" is available for rental and purchase from the Center for Mass Communication, Columbia University Press, 1125 Amsterdam Avenue, New York 25, N.Y.

Philip Stapp was inadvertently overlooked in my August 20 roundup of films that noted film-makers would like most to make. At that time he wrote me that for some while he has been wishing (and still does) to make a film about trees. It would be in three main sections, each in a different mood and tempo. Section one would recreate the atmosphere in which primitive man saw the tree as a personalized being inhabited by supernatural forces, a thing to fear and worship. Section two would be a satire on the period in which trees and forests were wantonly destroyed to make way for a mechanized civilization, in which the tree was something to be pushed aside, destroyed, or exploited. The third section would deal with the harmonious relationship which can and sometimes does exist between man and trees, where there is an awareness of the function of the tree in the balance of nature, where new forests are planted to replace those which are cut down, and where trees contribute to the beauty of the landscape. It seems to be a "natural" for Mr. Stapp's distinctive animation style and for some enterprising lumber company to sponsor. Philip Stapp, after having spent a number of years in Europe, is now back in the U.S., at 249 E. 50th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

NOTE: Kinesis, Inc., which for the past several years has been engaged in the 16mm distribution of experimental films, announces that it is ceasing its distribution activity and is accepting no more rental bookings. It will try, however, to supply (to those who request it) information concerning the new sources for films which have been carried on its list. The address is 566 Commercial Street, San Francisco 11, Calif.

—CECILE STARR.

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Supreme Court

Continued from page 15

will show, I believe, a record in all types of disputes indicating a deep sense of the place of the court as an historic institution in our political life. It will show judges willing to make value judgments when they thought the Constitution required them to decide and it will show that in such situations the rhetoric of their opinions indicated that they were consciously choosing. It will show in the masterly expression of their opinions and in their voting that they each tried to maintain an even-handed operation of principle uninfluenced by sentiment or opportunism. They were great judges because they used many different techniques of judging in different situations in imaginative and creative ways. They were judges who were willing to judge. These attributes and approaches may be a more lasting legacy to our jurisprudence than their rhetoric in dissent.

Judicial Conservative

"Harlan Fiske Stone: Pillar of the Law," by Alpheus Thomas Mason *(Viking. 914 pp. $8.75), is a personal biography of a great liberal Chief Justice and an analysis of American Constitutional history over two decades. It is reviewed here by Professor Carl Brent Swisher of Johns Hopkins.*

By Carl Brent Swisher

HARLAN FISKE STONE was a member of the Supreme Court during the strategically important years from 1925 to 1946. Linking the personnel involved in more than half a century of history of the Court, he sat with Justice Holmes, whose appointment dated back to 1902, and with five other justices still serving in 1956. During his twenty-one years of membership he found himself in ever-shifting associations. Although appointed with the approval of Chief Justice Taft, he voted often with the well-known dissenters Holmes and Brandeis. Near the end of his own career Taft characterized Stone as belonging to the dangerous radical element in the Government, along with President Herbert Hoover, in whose "medicine-ball cabinet" he was included, and dreaded the possibility that Stone might succeed to the Chief Justiceship and thereby subvert the Court. Whatever the actual reason for the delay, Stone had to wait until after the term of Charles E. Hughes for the opportunity to head the Court. Although a Republican and not sympathetic with much of the New Deal and in 1932 believing Franklin D. Roosevelt "an utterly impossible man for President of the United States," Stone continued in association with the liberal wing among the justices. Finally in 1941, as personnel in both liberal and conservative wings changed with retirements and new appointments, he, amid new associations, was made Chief Justice by the President he had thought "impossible."

With access to Stone's voluminous private papers and to records of the Supreme Court, Professor Alpheus Thomas Mason has written in "Harlan Fiske Stone: Pillar of the Law," not only a personal biography of an entire career but also an analysis of American Constitutional history over two critical decades. His book is one of the most important judicial biographies yet written. To a greater extent than any such biography since the publication of Beveridge's four-volume "Life of John Marshall" some forty years ago he has woven together the personal story with an account of the performance of the Court, managing, without distortion, to keep perspective in terms of the man chosen as his subject. There is limited quotation from published opinions but a great deal from memoranda and letters written within the Court and from correspondence with friends at Columbia Law School and other law schools, and with former law clerks and other persons, which Stone carried on in great profusion.

Stone was far more expansive than were Chief Justice Hughes and some of his fellows, both orally and on paper, and it may be true, as his secretary told him, that he "talked too much." But his written talk has greatly enriched the history of the period. We see example after example of the way in which justices, striving for agreement on opinions, criticize and correct and add and delete to give a maximum of satisfaction. We see also the shrewd maneuvering of justices striving for position and planning defeat of or rebuff to colleagues with whom they may have no desire to work out creative compromise. The differences range all the way from matters of high principle to the facts of personal dislike and personal venom. The disclosures are sometimes unpleasant, but it may be as well that readers should know them.

What are the threads of deepest interest? So many compete that it is impossible even to make a list. The following is significant. Stone, essentially conservative, sought companionship on the Court with seekers after stability and systematic and creative unfolding of the law, but found his conservative colleagues obsessed with using the restrictive power of the Supreme Court to hamstring effective government and to prevent interference with economic patterns that were obsolete for the newly industrialized nation. Far from desiring to be an innovator in legal development, he sought to whittle judge-made changes to the minimum even when making those that were necessary. In the camp of Holmes and Brandeis and later of Cardozo, for all their alleged liberalism, he found in general a like respect for the stability of Constitutional interpretation. Joined later by a group of New Deal appointees he found some of them concerned with the Court primarily as a power instrument, as an instrument of politics (although not usually in the political party sense), and very little with stability and predictability in the law.

As a result he was surrounded in his later years on the Court by men seemingly more ruthless and less humble than the conservative and in a sense benighted majority of the time of his appointment. Fighting volubly among themselves in spite of their acceptance of the major aspects of the prevailing Government program, they seemed to reject even the ideal of judicial self-restraint, one of Stone's major tenets, and of the maximum of possible uniformity in the developing pattern of Constitutional law. The results remained, and some of them still remain, to be revealed in the future.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 703

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 703 will be found in the next issue.

BX BSZDBFXWBXSG WMBW

OGYFXP KFWM B

SCQRNFQGXW FP PDTG WC

VGJGNCR FXWC B TGBN

UTFGXVPMFR.

—CPSBT KFNVG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 702

You cannot make a windmill go with a pair of bellows.

—G. HERBERT.

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Fiction

Continued from page 20

Innocence, Secret, Scandal, and Purification. Each leads naturally and inevitably into the other in a perfectly composed plot. Then there are scenes not easily to be forgotten—scenes that brilliantly evoke the very color and rhythm of medieval France. These qualities alone raise "La Belle Sorel" far above the average historical novel. But there is also the searching and at times pitiless analysis of character by a writer who, despite his compassion for individuals and his understanding of conflicting points of view, is devoted to psychological truth whether pleasing or ugly. So skilfully are the various components handled that with the book finally closed one remains with the impression of having witnessed at first hand a segment of history peopled with men and women who have been intimately known. And not the least of these is she upon whom, in a moment compounded of passion and calculation, her liege lord and lover conferred the title of "La Dame de Beauté."

VANISHED WIFE: In **"The Sleeping Partner"** (Doubleday, $3.75) Winston Graham has written a more than adequate thriller based on a classic situation: the search for a murderer by an innocent suspect. Michael Granville, a young manufacturer of electronic apparatus, is suddenly confronted with a set of unpleasant facts concerning his lovely but inscrutable wife, Lynn. Lynn has disappeared leaving a trail of disturbing clues, assorted lovers, and a petition for divorce. When the lady's remains turn up under rum circumstances Granville begins an exhaustive search for the murderer before the police can decide to nab the obvious candidate. Like some of Mr. Graham's other heroes, Granville is a pensive and unhurried customer; he carries on with his work and with a serious love affair while on the prowl for the killer. This versatility adds substance to "The Sleeping Partner," which makes up in credibility what it may lack in suspensefulness. —MARTIN LEVIN.

MAN ON THE HUNT: **"The Memoirs of a Cross-Eyed Man"** (St. Martin's Press, $3)—certainly a whale of a title—concerns the search of a contemporary Cyrano for the girl of his dreams. Thomas Ashe, the odd-appearing hero of James Wellard's novel, is a fiftyish bachelor who has the simple yen to settle down in matrimony with the "world's most beautiful woman." So

—*Ken Whitmore.*

Vicki Baum—"artful melodrama."

he hies himself from London to Tunis, where this lady (who happens to be a movie actress named Shala Delisle) is making a film about Hannibal called "The Queen of Carthage." After some quixotic shenanigans (in which Ashe becomes an overnight smash as an actor, has his eyes straightened and recrossed, and wanders delirious about the Sahara until rescued by a band of Tuaregs) Mr. Wellard's wanderer finds himself home again, his dreams unfulfilled. As a matter of fact poor Ashe never had much of a chance, since, as it finally develops, he has been peering all the time through the looking glass of his gaudy imagination.

Save for some broad burlesquing of historical movies there is little focus to the author's cockeyed fantasy. Mr. Wellard is a writer with a gift for turning an amusing phrase. But in "The Memoirs of a Cross-Eyed Man" it is a bit difficult to discover what he is being amusing about. —M. L.

FOGGY VOYAGE: Any book about the sea and ships written by a man who knows both must compel some interest. When one adds war, battle, and violence the formula should be complete, and perhaps in Kenneth Dodson's first book, "Away All Boats," one may find many elements of what used to be called a rattling good yarn.

Its successor, **"Stranger to the Shore"** (Little, Brown, $3.95), seems to me to lack such merits. True, we have all the elements of romantic love, battle, espionage, and intrigue, yet Mr. Dodson has left the matter oddly incomplete. Both the locale and the characters are ill defined and undifferentiated. The language of the two English agents, for example, is stiff and neutral, with an occasional "old chap" added for authenticity's sake; the hero, Kurt, offends with his constant introductory (and juvenile) "gee"; and the girl, Adriana, is a stock figure. It also seems to me that it is part of the novelist's business to answer the questions raised by plot and to open those questions of larger meaning which are the ground of being for fiction. But at the end of this novel there are countless unanswered questions of the author's own raising. What happens to Kurt and Adriana? Do they stay and raise sheep in Chile? Doesn't the draft get him? Do the Nacistas forget their enmity towards him? Is Adriana's father reconciled? Mr. Dodson knows his material; perhaps more attention to the craft of fiction will reward him and his readers with truly artistic work. —LOUIS O. COXE.

DULY NOTED: **"Written on Water,"** by Vicki Baum (Doubleday, $3.50), tells us what happens when beachcomber Glenn and spoiled millionairess Tracey get together on board her yacht in the course of a voyage in which Tracey's obnoxious husband somehow becomes a meal for a school of sharks. Miss Baum rarely matches her own "Grand Hotel," but her artful melodrama does make the hours fly by.

"The Mind Reader," by Alan B. Rotenberg (Greenberg, $3), is about Tom Rodney, a psychologist who discovers that he has a cranial bump which enables him to tune in on other people's minds. The Government persuades him to abandon the academic life for telepathic spying on an alien scientist who, to Tom's dismay, thinks in seven languages. A delightful and neatly turned comedy, with some hilarious sidetrips into the female mind.

"Turn the Tigers Loose," by Walt Lasly (Ballantine: clothbound, $2.75; paperbound, 35¢), takes us back to the Korean War for some intimate views of the lives of the men under the Fifth Air Force command. The strikes at North Koreans bases and the skirmishes with Communist gunners on night prowls make for frayed nerves and incidents that are told of in clipped, sometimes abrupt, and always realistic style.

"The Empty Nest," by Josephine Lawrence (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75), is the story of Adair Moreland, who has difficulty severing the apron strings to which her son and daughter cling even after their marriages. The problem of making her children grow up is covered once over lightly.

"Close to the Wind," by John Harris (Sloane, $3.50), takes us to sea with "Captain" Rosa; her husband, Joe Salonico; daughter Frankie; and Willie, who is being sought by the Australian police for a fatal knifing. Their relations change into fond companionship under common pressures. It all adds up to a good realistic yarn.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

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Interpreting the Quest

"The Magic Flute," by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman *(Random House. 108 pp. $3.50), is an English version of the opera after the libretto of Schikaneder and Giesecke. Joseph Slater, our reviewer, is a teacher of English at Rutgers University*

By Joseph Slater

MANY of the million or two Americans who saw "The Magic Flute" on television last January must have thought, so happy was the marriage of words and music, that Mozart and W. H. Auden were an operatic team like Gilbert and Sullivan. Even the learned, sturdy in their belief that every opera ought to be sung in its native doggerel, must have wondered whether Auden's poetry might not serve, on TV at least, to introduce the masses to Schikaneder. Now Random House has published, very handsomely, with preface, proem, metalogue, postscript, and technical notes, the words which Auden and his collaborator, Chester Kallman, set to Mozart. The result is a new and perhaps a decisive weapon for the ancient warfare over opera in English; it is also that rarest of rare books, a libretto that is worth reading.

The original play, "Der Zauberflöte," has generally been regarded, with affection, as "one of the most absurd specimens" of its kind, "a libretto notorious for its imbecility." J. E. Schikaneder, a Viennese impresario, cobbled it together in the spring of 1791 out of Masonic ritual and one of Wieland's fairy tales. Ramshackle and vulgar, it is interesting only to the historian, who finds it full of subversive political allegory. And yet it has, as a drama, curious strength. Mozart respected it, Goethe wrote a sequel to it, and opera audiences have found it somehow less silly than it seems.

Such a play needs not a translator but a doctor. What Auden and Kallman call modestly an "English version" is really a new libretto, re-thought, re-built, and re-surfaced.

In their preface Auden and Kallman argue that the power of Schikaneder's play is accidental. Fairy tales and rituals, they say, no matter how mistreated, touch the deepest and most universal of human problems. Poor Schikaneder, trying to make a musical comedy, blundered ignorantly into the holy land of twentieth-century literature. Tamino, although Schikaneder never knew it, is a Quest Hero, seeking his personality through ritual and initiation. The Queen of the Night is, of course, the Unconscious; Sarastro is the Conscious; the conflict of these forces and their reconciliation form, no thanks to Schikaneder, the theme of "Der Zauberflöte."

So argue Auden and Kallman, and so they write their play. Where Schikaneder introduces the Queen with a plain "Sie kommt" Auden and Kallman make sure that their audience knows her true identity:

> She comes! Fire in her eyes,
> with sceptered hand
> The dark instinctive powers
> to command.

And their Sarastro reflects, in a passage which has no parallel in Schikaneder's play:

> Can Wisdom be too dear?
> Can she, the Queen of superstitious Night,
> In her extremities of heart, be right?
> No, no. We need each other.

But Auden and Kallman's task was not one of simple addition; they had also to subtract the buffoonery and wisecracking, the politics and Masonry, which had been the chief conscious concerns of the old play. They cut and shuffled wherever the logic of plot and character required. Because they thought it "more seemly," as they say in a note, "that a semi-divine character like the Queen never descend from the heights of song to mortal speech," they let the Queen's ladies speak the lines which precede "Der Hölle Rache." And they placed that scene, in which Pamina suffers from the attentions of Monostatos and the anger of the Queen, after instead of before the Trial by Silence, because they felt it was thus more plausible and more dramatic.

TO THE texture or surface of Schikaneder's play Auden and Kallman had no more loyalty than they had to its structure and meaning. Where the music and the English language seemed to call for anapests rather than Schikaneder's iambics they used anapests. They substituted masculine rhymes for feminine; they put the prose dialogue into verse; and for the arias and ensembles they wrote new poems, quite different from the German and in most cases vastly better.

—George Cserna

W. H. Auden—". . . libretto worth reading."

IT would be a stubborn reader indeed, English or German, who did not find this "Magic Flute" a work of higher order altogether than "Der Zauberflöte." Serious and dignified in theme, carefully worked, consistent, it is a proper consort for Mozart's regal music. And yet, to the reader who remembers the January performance as two hours of sustained brilliance and who was dazzled and delighted by Auden's "Metalogue" when it appeared in *The Listener* last spring, this play is at first a disappointment.

The book itself, its cover, its illustrations are delightful. The preface is bold and persuasive. But then come page after page of the gray dialogue that grows between gray covers in the official librettos of the Metropolitan, the unwholesome porridge that has nourished generations of enemies of English opera.

> How sweet with him all day
> to dally
> Alone in some secluded valley;
> The thought brings rapture to
> my heart.
> It cannot be: 'tis best we part.

Where is the magic? the impatient reader asks. Was it all Mozart and Balanchine? Where is Auden? Did he write only the "Metalogue"?

The fact is that the poetry of "The Magic Flute," like the behavior of the little girl with the curl, runs to extremes. Half of it, almost literally half, is wooden, labored, and trite, singable certainly, but made almost unreadable by pseudo-classical inversions and juke-box rhymes. Fortunately, the

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worst comes first. It appears mostly in Act I and mostly in spoken dialogue, where it does no damage to Mozart. And even in the soggiest of the early scenes the reader is reminded by an occasional metaphor ("Must I endure the daylight of my pain?") or pattern of sound ("Keep our green world turning") that the composer has a poet for his librettist.

WHEN the poetry is good, and it becomes pretty consistently so after the "Metalogue" which marks its midpoint, it is not only the best opera verse in English but authentic Auden as well. Here is what Pamina sings after the Trial by Silence:

> Hearts may break though
> grief be silent,
> True hearts make their love
> their lives,
> Silence love with ended lives:
> Love that dies in one false lover
> Kills the heart where love
> survives.

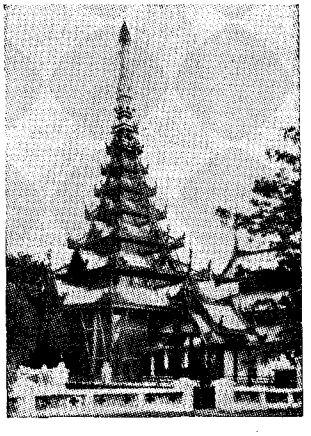
That the music of Mozart can now be sung to such an intricate and classical abstraction should be cause for international rejoicing. And all readers of English poetry should be glad to hear once again, complete with a quotation from "Look, Stranger," an echo of the Auden of the Thirties.

An aria that is a disciplined and moving love song, an entr'acte that is a pin-wheel of learned fun, a duet that makes somber comments on the relationship of lust and love, a quintet that is both a dramatic scene and a kind of contrapuntal poetry: there is much in this play that would be valuable if Mozart had never lived. And yet the reader whose ear has a memory knows that *this* poetry is not absolute, that Pamina's song achieves incandescence only when it melts into the music which Mozart wrote for the dull words of Schikaneder. May it not also be true that Mozart's opera was unfinished until Auden and Kallman wrote their play? That such melodies cannot live with doggerel and triviality? That no opera can live except in the language of its audience and that the intensity of its life is proportionate to the literary value of that language? Old questions, these, which will doubtless be debated in America on Mozart's four-hundredth birthday. But in Austria, where men are wise and principles are sound, there will be no debate. Within a few weeks the Vienna State Opera will hire the best poet in town and set him to work translating and improving Auden and Kallman. For Schikaneder has joined Wieland and the Masons among the sources of "The Magic Flute."

LITERARY AND ACADEMIC THEMES: Novelist and editor of a collection of essays on twelve English poems, John Wain has had poetry published in English magazines and broadcast over the BBC. Most of the work in **"A Word Carved on a Sill"** (St. Martin's Press, $2.50), his first volume, is occasional, of literary or academic source: "On the Publication of Boswell's Journal," "Pedagogue Arraigned." The intermittent quotidian poem treats of "On Reading Love Poetry in the Dentist's Waiting Room," or "Letter to Santa Claus." Their faults do not lie in their genre but in an inability to escape the platitude. "Before the burning instant that devours / Before the final flash when terror numbs." An exception, "In Memory of Henry Payne," rises to the occasion by its simplicity and directness: ". . . for somehow a word must be said. / No one was glad when the grim good man was dead."

Reflective and dramatic by turns, a self-defeating humanism emerges

Places . . .



MANDALAY, onetime capital of Burma, the road which Kipling immortalized, is one of the 399 near and faraway places "which have delighted, intrigued, and intimated men" that make up Grigson's and Gibbs-Smith's **"Places"** (Hawthorn, $10). The British contributors write informatively of towns and countryside seldom seen, evocatively of those we all know. There are 160 black-and-white photographs, sixteen in full color, and many maps. The result is a volume of romance to excite the armchair traveler and adventurer for many a long winter's night.

People . . .

CATHERINE THE GREAT is one of the 444 men and women, chosen "to illustrate the delightful diversity of mankind," whose lives are sketched in a big, profusely illustrated volume called **"People"** (Hawthorn, $10). The editors, Geoffrey Grigson and Charles Harvard Gibbs-Smith, and their thirty-one contributors write of such characters as Thomas Cook, T. S. Eliot, Voltaire, and Mao Tse-Tung in impressionistic rather than reference-book terms. Of Catherine: "She joined the lustiness of Chaucer's Wife of Bath to the manners of a literary salon of seventieth-century France."

Things

THIS IS A FETISH from West Africa. The forty-eight contributors to Messrs. Grigson and Gibbs-Smith's **"Things"** (Hawthorn, $10) write entertainingly and knowledgeably about fetishes and 209 other objects "designed by man's genius which are the measure of his civilization." Americans who sample this fascinating volume, which has the same format as "People" and "Places," will feel they are in another world. There are a few American "things" here (the dynamo, the electric light), but mostly the objects are English or exotic (prayer-wheels, pyramids, ziggurats, etc.).

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from the book, however. "The hour before my world and I are dead, / I hope to feel some pity, when it comes."

Compensating are the whimsy and lightness of certain other poems, their conventional rhyme and rhythm made pleasant by avoidance of the more expected banalities.

—David Ignatow.

MAKING THE IMPOSSIBLE FAMILIAR: In spite of criticism, poetry cannot be predicted. It pops up all over the place, like a rabbit in an animated cartoon. Now here we have Katherine Hoskins, with **"Villa Narcisse"** (Noonday, 3), one of the finest books in years, and where she has been till now hardly anybody knows. Her publishers are to be congratulated. (It's important to praise publishers of verse; that is their only reward.)

Miss Hoskins's range of subject matter and form is astonishing. Take the nightmare titled "A Dream," with its absolutely original revelation, that strikes the reader as his own life laid bare:

> And so betrayal's blackjack socks
> the heart . . .

She makes the impossible familiar. Note the physical weight of her language. Most women writers have no sense of weight; Emily Dickinson, for example, is all eye and ear. But listen to Miss Hoskins in "After the Late Lynching":

> All down one side no ribs
> But broken things that moved.

There are poets with half-a-dozen books behind them who would give an arm to have written two lines like these. Her poetry is formal. The stanzas seem to have been shaped by the experience in the poem. "Flight South" contracts and expands like the flight of birds it tells about:

> They seemed a black-bespangled
> parachute
> Wind-loosed,
> Southward floating.

Perhaps most surprising is "An Evening of Death," a sustained narrative, flowing from line to line, in which a murder, a black kitten, a woman, and a little child are held in a singing trance. Better than "A Member of the Wedding," and more portable.

There are, perhaps, some faults in this collection, but I am glad to leave the finding of them to others. "Villa Narcisse" is a superb book.

—Louis Simpson.

MURKY WIT: In his first book of poems, **"Unexpected Truce,"** (Round Table Books, $2.50), Don Geiger's basic geniality struggles against too much murkiness of thought and uneasy versifying. He overindulges a taste for metaphysical wit-writing, to which his talents are unsuited, and practises less frequently the colloquial, ruminative Frostian blank-verse portrait, to which they are really akin. In either case an overwrought diction invariably softens and drowns the poetry in discursiveness and irrelevance. This condition is as strange as it is unfortunately pervasive. Since the topics and first few lines are generally clear and possessed one feels that each poem promises a good deal.

But the initial impulse and statement of feeling soon get lost in turgid metaphors and conceits, ugly rhymes, faulty rhythms, and anticlimaxes. When the spirit which clamors to be made whole finally comes through, as in "Cold Evening," "Dreams of a Paranoiac Soldier," and "Speed of Sound, I," one feels like cheering; the full shape and definition of feeling, latent in other poems, are established, in these three, on their own warrant. The book's best imagery asserts the domestic preoccupations of the young parent and the reconstructed soldier fearfully looking back after a decade at his puzzling war experiences. But why does he so often elude the very themes he sets up as genuinely earned personal realities, in order to chase the metaphysical hare? And how would one explain the telling evasion in the self-revealing "Poet to His Analyst," where a spurious confession is wrung out of the hypothetical choice between "critical" like "Othello [who] read too much between the lines" and Desdemona, "who prattles all she knows"? Desdemona was no prattler, and besides, what of the real culprit, Iago, unmentioned in the poem (though perhaps implicitly identified with the analyst), who gave Othello his false lines to *mis*read?

—Edwin Honig.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Agatha Runcible, in "Vile Bodies," by Evelyn Waugh. 2. Gowan Stevens, in "Sanctuary," by William Faulkner. 3. Joe Bonaparte, in "Golden Boy," by Clifford Odets. 4. Myrtle Wilson, in "The Great Gatsby," by Scott Fitzgerald. 5. Bob Macdonald, in "The Razor's Edge," by Somerset Maugham. 6. "Auntie Mame," by Patrick Dennis. 7. Cosmo Topper, in "Topper," by Thorne Smith. 8. Ada Lester, in "Tobacco Road," by Erskine Caldwell. 9. Lon Pilcher, in "The Web and the Rock," by Thomas Wolfe. 10. Duke

Every Writer . . .

Continued from page 8

goldfish or so much as himself. True, he is not required to know any one specific thing. Not at least until he begins to write about it. But once he has chosen to write about X then he is responsible for knowing everything the writing needs to know about X. I know of no writer of any consequence whatever who did not treasure the world enough to gather to himself a strange and wonderful headful and soulful of facts about its going and coming.

2. AN OUTSIDE EYE

Nothing is more difficult than for the writer to ride his passion while still managing to observe it critically. The memoirs of good writers of every sort are studded with long thoughts on this essential duplicity, this sense of esthetic detachment, of a second attention lurking in the mind at the very moment they have felt the need to be most indivisibly absorbed in what they are doing.

The writer absolutely must learn to develop that eye outside himself, for the last action every writer must perform for his writing is to become its reader. It is not easy to approach one's own output as if he were coming on it fresh. Yet unless the writer turns that trick any communication that happens will either be by accident or by such genius as transcends the possibility of discussion.

For the writer's relation to his writing is a developing relation. The writing starts as a conceptual buzz. Approaching the writing thus with the buzz loud in the head, one may easily believe that anything he sets down is actually full of that starting-buzz. But one must remember that the buzz is there before the writing, and that should some accident interfere with the actual writing the buzz would still be there. A writer in a really heightened state could jot down telephone numbers and actually believe that he has set down a piece of writing that accurately conveys his original impulse.

The reader, however, is in a very different situation. He comes to the writing committed to no prior emotion. There is no starting buzz in his head, except by irrelevant accident. It is the writer's job to make that reader buzz. Not, to be sure, to make every reader buzz—the world is full of the practically unbuzzable—but to make the competent reader buzz. Simply to say "I buzz" is not enough. To make the reader experience the original buzz with nothing but the

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writing to create the buzz within him —that is the function of every sort of literature, the communication of experience in experienceable terms. The disciplines of any art form are among other things ways of estimating the amount of buzz the form is transmitting.

3. FLUENCY

As noted, one does not hope to reach all readers, but only the competent. In one way the qualifications of a good reader are the same as those of a competent writer. Both must achieve fluency. By fluency I mean the ability to receive more than one impression at the same time. To create or to experience art one must be both technically and emotionally fluent.

A pun is a simple example of the necessity for technical fluency. The two or more faces of a pun must be received at the same instant or all is lost. The news comes over the radio that the Communist leader of Pisa has been chastised by Moscow for making overtures to the left-center parties for a united front, and the happy punster says, "Aha, a Lenin tower of a-Pisa-ment!" then settles back in his moment of personal splendor. This golden instant from my autobiography —but what good is even glory if it has to be explained? "I don't get it," says the guest who will never be invited again, and the evening is ruined.

The pun, of course, is only the simplest example of the need for technical fluency. Unless the writer and the reader have in common the necessary language of simultaneity in its millions of shadings, the best will die en route.

The need for emotional fluency is analogous. Good writing constantly requires the writer to perceive and the reader to receive different sets of feelings at the same instant. Both the writer and the reader must be equal to the emotion of the subject dealt with. Shakespeare can put a world into "Hamlet," but where is that world when a five-year-old child or an emotionally five-year-old adult attempts to read or to see the play? Whatever he may see, it is certainly not Shakespeare. A reader who is emotionally immature or who is too psychically rigid (the same thing really) to enter into the simultaneity of the human experiences commonly portrayed in literature, is simply not capable of any sort of writing with the possible exception of the technical report, the statistical summary, or that semi-literate combination the Ph.D. thesis.

4. A SENSE OF THE PAST

No painter can produce a good canvas without a broad knowledge of what has been painted before him, no architect can plan a meaningful building except as he has pondered the architecture of the past, and no writer can produce good writing without a sure sense of what has been accomplished in the past within his form.

There are legions of poets today who are trying belatedly to be Wordsworth, and legions of fictioneers who are trying to be Louisa May Alcott. I imply no attack here on either Wordsworth or Alcott. I simply make the point that it is too late to be either of them again. Both of them, moreover, did a better job of being themselves than any of their imitators can aspire to. As the Kitty-cat bird in Theodore Roethke's poem said: "Whoever you are, be sure it's you."

Nor does one learn the past of his form only to adhere to it. Such an adherence, if overdedicated, would be a death in itself. I mean, rather, that it is impossible to venture meaningful innovation unless one knows what he is *innovating-from*. With no exception I am able to think of, the best innovators in our literature have been those who best knew their past tradition.

I am saying simply that a writer must learn to read. He must read widely and thoughtfully, and he must learn to read not as an amateur spectator but as an engaged professional. Just as the football coach sees more of the play than do the coeds, so the writer must learn to see more of what is happening under the surface of the illusion than does the reader who simply yields to the illusion. William Dean Howells, then editor of *The Atlantic*, paid what he intended as a supreme compliment to one of Mark Twain's books when he reported that he had begun the book and for the first time in many years had found himself reading as a reader rather than as an editor. A happy indulgence and a gracious compliment, but once the writer has allowed himself that much it becomes his duty to reread the book with his glasses on—not only to enter into the illusion of the writing, but to identify the devices (*i.e.*, the inventions) by which the illusion was created and made to work upon him. And here, too, he must experience his essential duplicity, for the best reading is exactly that reading in which the passion of the illusion and the awareness of its technical management arrive at the same time.

5. A SENSE OF THE AGE

The true writer, that is to say the writer who is something more than a competent technician, has a yet more difficult thing to learn. He must not only know his human and artistic

past: he must learn to read the mood of his world under its own names for itself. He must become an instrument, tuned by devices he can never wholly understand, to the reception of a sense of his age, its mood, its climate of ideas, its human position, and its potential of action. And he must not let himself be deceived into thinking that the world answers to the names it gives itself. Hitler's agencies once gave a great deal of attention to what they called "Strength-through-Joy." It was the product of this Strength-through-Joy that Lord Beaverbrook called at the time "the stalwart young Nazis of Germany." The names were "strength," "joy," and "stalwarts." Yet any man today can see that those who answered to these shining names contained within themselves possibilities for action that must answer to much darker names. Any man can see it—now. I think it is very much to the point that all of the best writers sensed it then, and that the better the German writers were the earlier they left Germany. Good writing must be of its times and must contain within itself—God knows how but the writer must learn for himself—a sense of what Hippolyte Taine called "the moral temperature of the times," what the Germans call "der Zeitgeist," and what English and American writers have come to call "the climate."

6. ART IS ARTIFICE

And along with all else, as an essential part of his duplicity, his commitment, his fluency, and his sense of past and present, the writer must learn beyond any flicker of doubt within himself that art is not life itself but a made representation of life. He must learn that it is no defense of a piece of fiction, for example, to argue "but that's the way it happened." The fact that it happened that way in the world of the *Daily News* does not make it happen to the reader within the world of the writing.

The writer's subject is reality but his medium is illusion. Only by illusory means can the sense of reality be transmitted in an art form. That complex of pigment-on-canvas is not four maidens dancing, but it is the managed illusion whereby Botticelli transmits his real vision of the four seasons. Those words on paper are not Emma Bovary but they are the elements of the illusion whereby we experience her as a living creation. The writer, like every artist, deals in what I have come to call the AS-IF. AS-IF is the mode of all poetry and of all imagina-

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tive writing. IS is the mode of what passes for reality and of all information-prose. Is IS more real than AS-IF? One must ask: "More real for what purposes?" I have no argument with, for example, the research chemists. I mean rather to hold them in considerable admiration. But though many of them think of themselves as the IS-iest men in the world, which of them has ever determined a piece of truth except by setting up and pursing a starting hypothesis (let me leave accident out of consideration)? And what is a starting hypothesis but an AS-IF? "Let us act AS-IF this hypothesis were true," says the researcher, "and then see how it checks out." At the end of ten, or a hundred, or ten thousand starting AS-IF's lurks the nailed-down IS of valence, or quanta, or transmutation of elements. Maybe. And then only until the next revolution in IS outdates the researcher's results.

At the far end of all the AS-IF's a man, and particularly a writer, can summon from himself lurks that final IS (maybe) that will be a truth for him. But not all of the truth will be told at one time. Part of the truth, I think the most truth, a writer must learn is that writing is not a decorative act, but a specific, disciplined, and infinitely viable means of knowledge. Poetry and fiction, like all the arts, are a way of perceiving and of understanding the world. Good writing is as positive a search for truth as is any part of science, and it deals with kinds of truth that must forever be beyond science. The writer must learn, necessarily of himself and within himself, that his subject is the nature of reality, that good writing always increases the amount of human knowledge available, and that the one key to that knowledge of reality is AS-IF. His breadth and depth as a human being are measured by the number of AS-IF's he has managed to experience; his stature as a writer, by the number he has managed to bring to life in his work.

For no man in any one lifetime can hope to learn by physical experience (IS) all that he must know and all that he must have experienced in order to be an adequate human being. No writer can hope to engage physically enough worlds of IS to make his imagination and his humanity pertinent. Only by his vicarious assumptions of AS-IF can the writer learn his real human dimension, and only as he dedicates his writing to the creation of a meaningful and experiencable new AS-IF can he hope to write well—to write as no school can teach him to write, but as he must learn for himself if he cares enough, and if he has gift enough

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Report on a Homecoming

Continued from page 12

done through medical schools or hospitals or both?

Concerning the first question, Dr. Tomin Harada went to a blackboard and began to write down some figures. He started with the fact that the population in Hiroshima at the time of the bombing was approximately 340,000 including military troops stationed in the city and people from nearby areas who were assisting in the construction of fire barriers. The survivors in the city numbered 98,102—meaning that considerably more than 200,000 persons had been killed.

Of the survivors, approximately 30,000 were within the area of potential radiation damage. Of these, 15,037 had presented themselves to the Atomic Bomb Patients Treatment Council for examination and possible treatment. As of the present moment, ABPTC said that 1,575 of this number ought to be treated within the near future. These cases were broken down as follows:

Radiation and internal medicine cases 931

Cases requiring plastic and reconstructive surgery 644

Dr. Harada spoke frankly of the fact that ABPTC would continue to do all within its power to provide the required surgery and medical treatment, but additional specialists were needed. Also, the ABPTC was operating under limited means. Formerly, he continued, there was not too much enthusiasm among the Hiroshima surgeons for suggestions that American specialists be invited to join in the work. But the experience of the Japanese surgeons in working with Dr. Barsky, Dr. Simon, and Dr. Kahn was so favorable that the position of ABPTC had now completely changed on this question. Accordingly, there was now strong support for any surgeons who might be recruited for this purpose by Dr. Barsky and his associates.

As for the second question—the establishment of plastic and reconstructive surgery in Japan on a specialized basis—it was felt that it might be useful to have qualified Japanese surgeons come to the United States, as Dr. Harada, Dr. Ouchi, Dr. Fujii, and Dr. Takahashi had done, but for a much longer period of time and with specific university commitments. On their return, they would both teach and work in hospitals.

The sum involved for such undertakings would be considerable, as we emphasized at the time. But we said we would be willing, on our return to the United States, to attempt such fund raising as might be required.

The entire program would take a minimum of three years. In an effort to anticipate the kind of problems that would be involved in such a program Dr. Barsky and Dr. Simon examined a representative cross-section of cases requiring surgery, and Dr. Hitzig did the same with reference to radiation cases. A detailed program of proposed treatment in both fields is now being prepared.

One of the most heartening developments of the trip to Hiroshima was the unqualified offer of cooperation made by Dr. Robert Holmes, head of the U.S. Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission. Dr. Holmes described the work of the ABCC as well as the facilities that might be available to us in any general project for the treatment of Hiroshima survivors. This can be a towering asset when the program gets under way.

* * *

WHEN I think back on all the things that happened during a busy week in Hiroshima, one picture stands out from all the rest. It is of a visit to the Nakabayashis.

The Nakabayashis live in a small, frail house at the end of a narrow lane. They had decorated their home for our coming, concealing large cracks in the walls with freshly laundered bedsheets that lined two sides of the room. In the center of one wall

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
ELLERY QUEEN'S AWARDS *Ellery Queen, ed.* (S&S: $3.50)	Sixteen prize-winning or honor-roll entries, all from *EQ's Mystery Magazine*; name-writers and newcomers represented.	Treatments nicely miscellaneous, from straight detection to lively offbeat jobs; excellent samplings.	Usual first-class job.
THE ENORMOUS SHADOW *Robert Harling* (Harper: $3.50)	British journalist, returned from US, gets on trail of atom spy; London river cops have thrilling share.	Grown-up job, with excellent pace (save for bits of dialectic) and fine characterization; climax a wow.	Top-flight.
FRAMED FOR HANGING *Guy Cullingford* (Lippincott: $2.75)	Trio of provincial English spinsters aghast as nephew faces murder charge; nice Insp. Tom Yeald in quandary.	Nicely handled in main, but end something of letdown; atmosphere agreeable; cast varies from stock to good.	Chatty but pleasant.
DIG MY GRAVE DEEP *Peter Rabe* (Gold Medal: 25¢)	US political hood tries to leave mob, who tell him uh-uh; gal a complication, as usual.	Personnel uniformly unappealing, but all three-dimensional; unusual and effective.	Smoothly handled.
MURDER IN THE WIND *John D. MacDonald* (Dell: 25¢)	Florida hurricane isolates thirteen assorted humans in abandoned mansion; tensions crackle and snap along with trees.	Admirable semi-documentary; timing excellent attention to detail ditto; first-rate performance all through.	See at left.
KILL THE BOSS GOOD-BY *Peter Rabe* (Gold Medal: 25¢)	Second-level So. Cal. mobsters draw lines for control battle; top echelon calls shots; cops elsewhere.	Personnel limited and sharply credible; action fast; not too much blood, but enough; fine verbal economy.	Taut, incisive.
WILDFIRE AT MIDNIGHT *Mary Stewart* (Appleton: $3.50)	London model, holidaying in Hebrides, meets murder, mist, mountains, Insp. Mackenzie, also ex-hubby.	Scenery excellent; characters largely conventional; Scots spoken here; love finds a way.	Plus mark.
THE MAN WHO DIDN'T FLY *Margot Bennett* (Harper: $3)	Small Ireland-bound plane plops into sea with three aboard; fourth man missed boat, but which was he?	Bright, witty job is good fun, agreeable mystery, all the way; cast excellent, cops included.	Real sparkler.
JAPANESE TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION *Edogawa Rampo* (Tuttle, Rutland, Vt.: $2.50)	Ten yarns, almost Western style, show Poe influence (try saying author's name fast); psychological horror phase accented.	Author well known and popular at home and in French versions; this is first appearance in English; nice going.	Striking novelty.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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they had constructed a little shrine for Tomoko, and the mourning candles were burning. There were pictures of Tomoko that had been sent from the United States by her American Quaker parents, Walter and Pauline Bishop.

We crowded into the small front room and sat on the *tatami*. Mr. Nakabayashi had a short and deeply moving speech he had prepared about Tomoko and the great joy her experience in the United States had brought to her. He wept as he spoke. He is not well; several years ago he suffered a stroke that paralyzed his right side.

Mrs. Day acknowledged his greeting. She conveyed the affectionate good wishes of the Walter Bishops, and told of the love Tomoko had for them and they for her. Each of the Americans then spoke briefly.

Mrs. Nakabayashi thanked us again for coming. She apologized for her tears and for the tears of Mr. Nakabayashi.

"Please know," she said, "that our tears are not tears of grief but of gratitude."

THEN Shigeko Nakabayashi, Tomoko's twenty-year old sister, began to bring in hand-carved models of sailing ships on which Mr. and Mrs. Nakabayashi had worked for many months during every spare moment they could find. They were scale models of Spanish galleons of the kind that took part in Columbus's voyage to the New World. Each little detail on the galleons was a work of art.

"It would make us happier than we could say if you would accept these little ships as very inadequate gifts from us," Mr. Nakabayashi said.

We left the Nakabayashis and went back to our work, each of us convinced, no doubt, of his own inadequacy in trying to take it all in. We had gone to offer solace for a lost life that had been entrusted to us. What we found was more than complete understanding; we found the kind of human warmth that created a sense of lasting kinship.

We drove through the streets of a city that was regenerating itself, with very little remaining evidence of the fact that eleven years ago it had been reduced to an open smoke-filled plain. But none of the regeneration we saw around us meant more to us than the vastness of human nobility we had just found in a small house at the end of a narrow lane.

We had also learned something about the ease with which men can build bridges to each other when the strands are woven of compassion. What the Nakabayashis represent can be understood and felt anywhere.

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

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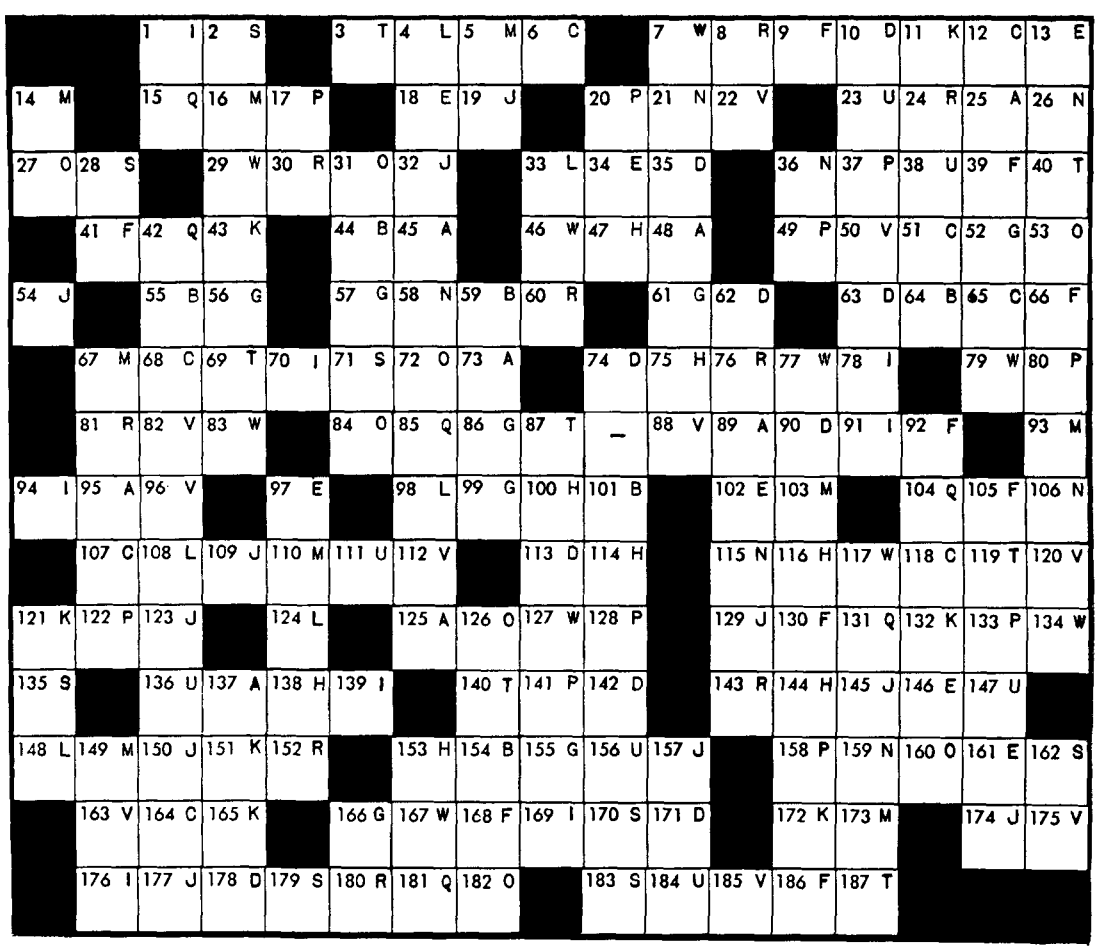
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1186

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Year in 19th cent. when Giffard made the first practical dirigible, steam-driven (comp.).	45 89 125 137 25 73 48 95
B. Colloq. exclamation of cheerful concurrence.	59 55 101 64 154 44
C. The Cockney of Kipling's "Soldiers Three."	68 51 107 164 12 118 65 6
D. Music direction, urging and hastening to a climax.	171 63 10 178 74 90 35 62 142 113
E. See Word I (2 wds.).	102 34 161 13 18 97 146
F. Cut of beef just above the plate on the carcass (2 wds.).	66 105 9 186 92 130 168 41 39
G. Volcanic glass.	61 57 56 99 166 52 155 86
H. Rocks or magmas rich in nickel and iron.	100 138 114 47 153 75 144 116
I. Followed by Word E, Nobel Prize novel of 1920 (2 wds.).	70 139 94 176 78 91 1 169
J. Mirage, esp. over Strait of Messina (2 wds.).	19 129 157 177 174 109 32 54 145 123 150
K. Surpasses in achievement.	172 132 11 43 121 165 151
L. Privilege of a stockholder to purchase a new issue proportionately to his holdings.	108 124 148 4 33 98

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Acrobats' bouncy mat which every small boy thinks a bed is.	14 149 16 93 110 103 67 5 173
N. See Word O.	21 106 36 26 115 58 159
O. Followed by Word N, one of the important collections of poetry of Elizabethan times.	126 53 182 84 31 27 160 72
P. One who handles an airplane in difficult or unusual maneuvers, often to get applause (colloq.; 2 wds.).	49 133 158 141 20 80 128 17 37 122
Q. To reduce the edge or pungency of.	85 131 104 42 181 15
R. General lack of seriousness.	24 180 76 8 81 60 30 152 143
S. Vigor, robustness.	135 179 162 71 2 28 170 183
T. A kind of knotted lace made from thread wound on a shuttle.	187 140 3 40 119 69 87
U. Mohammedan mythology's opposite number to the Angel Gabriel.	111 136 156 38 23 184 147
V. Contrived for getting small sums of money as from the ignorant or unwary.	112 185 163 120 82 50 22 96 88 175
W. What Milton's "goddess fair and free" was "in Heaven yclept."	83 134 117 77 167 79 7 29 46 127



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 31 of this issue.

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